

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 29.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

[Price 4d., Stamped 5d.]

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.
Albemarle Street.—THE WEEKLY EVENING MEETINGS of the Members of the Royal Institution will commence for the season, on FRIDAY, the 25th of JANUARY, 1859, at Half-past Eight o'clock; and will be continued on each succeeding Friday Evening, at the same hour.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE LECTURES BEFORE EASTER.

TWELVE LECTURES ON FOSSIL MAMMALS.—By RICHARD OWEN, Esq., D.D., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I. To commence on Tuesday, January 25th, at Three o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday, at the same hour.

TWELVE LECTURES ON THE FORCE OF GRAVITY.—By JOHN TYNDALL, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I. To commence on Thursday, January 27th, at Three o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Thursday, at the same hour.

NINE LECTURES ON ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.—By W. A. MILLER, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry at King's College, London. To commence on Saturday, January 29th, at Three o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Saturday, at the same hour.

Subscribers to the Lectures are admitted on payment of Two Guineas for the Season, or one Guinea for a single course. A syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution.

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Open at 7, commence at 8. Carriages for a quarter to 10. Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Body of Hall and Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Mitchell's, Chappell's, Cramer & Deale's, Jullien's, Keble's, 45, Cheapside, and at the Hall.

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A Series of SIX LECTURES on the Fine Arts and Art Collections will be delivered in the THEATRE on MONDAY evenings, being the 24th and 25th of JANUARY; 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th of FEBRUARY, 1859, at 8 o'clock.

I. 24th January, On Hindoo Art, as illustrated by the History, Drawings, Buildings, and Sculpture of the Hindoos. By Dr. G. Kinkel, formerly Professor of the History of Art and Modern Civilisation in the University of Bonn.

II. 31st January, On Mahomedan Art, illustrating the influence of Byzantine Art on the Schools of the East, the development of the Arts of the Mahomedans in Egypt, Spain, and India, as seen in the Mosques and other buildings and decorations. By Dr. G. Kinkel.

III. 7th February, On Sculpture in Relief (Relievo). Its character and Application to Architectural Decoration. By Richard Westmacott, Esq.

IV. V. VI. Three lectures on Ceramic Art, illustrated by Specimens in the Museum of Art, by J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., Keeper of Art Collections, South Kensington Museum.

14th February, On Ancient Greek Painted Pottery.

21st February, On the Italian Majolica Wares.

28th February, On Porcelain Wares in General.

The Lecture Theatre will hold 450 persons; 250 seats will be reserved exclusively for Schoolmasters, Schoolmistresses, and persons engaged in Art-teaching, who upon registering their names will obtain Tickets at 6d. each for the whole course of six Lectures. Tickets for the remaining 200 seats will be issued at 2s. each for the course, or 6d. each Lecture, when there may happen to be room in the Theatre.

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GEOLOGY.—King's College, London.—PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.R.S., will COMMENCE A COURSE OF LECTURES ON GEOLOGY on FRIDAY MORNING, January 23, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday, at the same hour. Fee 2s. 6d.

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REVIEWS.

The History of British Journalism, from the Foundation of the Newspaper Press in England to the Repeal of the Stamp Act in 1855, with Sketches of Press Celebrities.
By Alexander Andrews. (Bentley.)

THE practice of republishing essays and reviews from the periodicals in which they first appeared has now become a well-developed feature in our literature. Against the principle, therefore, even were we so inclined, it would probably be useless to argue. But, against the abuses of it we think every one who aspires in ever so slight a degree to influence the taste of the age, is bound to protest energetically. The system is not likely to be barren of effect either on books or magazines. If it does not improve them it will deteriorate them. If it does not raise the standard of the one, it will lower the standard of the other. If whatever is thought good enough for the columns of a magazine is also thought good enough to be re-issued as an independent work, there is danger that the writers of independent works will insensibly sink down to the level of magazines. In using this language we do not mean to convey any imputation on the ability of our periodical literature. Very far from it. Articles are constantly appearing in all our leading Reviews, which afford quite as strong evidence of genius in the writer as an original work could afford. But the haste in which he is obliged to write, the concessions he is obliged to make to the spirit of his particular organ, and though last not least, the inexorable demands of space, all combine, except in a very limited class of subjects, to impress a distinct character on the productions of the periodical essayist, which we cannot wish to see extended to the pages of the independent author. But there is also another essential divergence between the two kinds of writing, which, hardly perceptible in the best class of writers, becomes wider and wider as we descend the scale, till at last every vestige of affinity seems lost. We mean that every book is intended by the writer to be more or less of a standard work, and a book of reference on the subject of which it treats. Now, this is manifestly not the case with magazine articles. Some there are, very carefully and conscientiously worked out, which virtually belong to that class; others there are which merely want finish and arrangement in order to take their place in it. But another and far larger species is that which aims only at the temporary amusement of its readers, which picks and chooses the most inviting portions of a subject, or what seem so to the particular writer, and laying no claim to exhaustiveness, is exempt from all searching criticism. But that these crude and fragmentary articles should be allowed the same privileges as their more matured and perfected brethren is just one of those abuses, against which, as we have already stated, we consider it our duty to protest. Perhaps a better exemplification of the mistake could hardly be afforded us than by the two volumes of Mr. Andrews, which under the imposing title of "A History of British Journalism," give us nothing but a series of ill digested notes, from which various important points are wholly omitted,

and others inaccurately put. In the columns of the *New Monthly Magazine* these defects would either cease to be such, or be comparatively innocuous, for, as we have said, a magazine writer is entitled to leave out what he chooses, and as most people would look for their solid information in another quarter, his mistakes could do no great harm. Now, however, the case is widely different. Faults which were venial in the rough and rapid sketch are no longer so in the historical picture, and we exceedingly regret that Mr. Andrews should have been so injudicious as to think of republishing this ill-written, incomplete, and inaccurate production.

We shall soon prove to our readers that we are not hypercritical. In the mean time we must enter a preliminary objection to the tone of the entire work. Instead of any really thoughtful observations on the progress of the press; instead of any effort, however humble, to approach the philosophy of journalism, we have nothing but the merest conventional rant about its power, its freedom, and its dignity: qualities which no man in his senses at the present day ever thinks of questioning. And instead of any careful and discriminating accounts of "Press Celebrities," we have little but bare and often erroneous statistics of the dead, and professional "puffery" of the living.

In all his details Mr. Andrews's sins both of omission and commission are remarkable. We have only space to notice a few of them. His account of the newspaper press from the Revolution to the middle of the eighteenth century is singularly meagre. In the succeeding period he takes no notice whatever of the "Annual Register," celebrated for its connection with Burke. And passing on to our own times, in a history that professes to extend to 1855, and practically is carried down to 1858, we find no account either of the *Press*, the *Saturday Review*, or the *Athenaeum*. Yet the one as a leading literary organ, and the others as established under circumstances of more than ordinary interest, and conducted with acknowledged ability, are likely to be objects of greater curiosity to the public than the majority which Mr. Andrews has noticed. The *Press* was an attempt to renew that ancient and more intimate alliance between statesmen and journalists which had been so conspicuous a feature in the eighteenth century. The *Saturday Review*, while sharing this feature in a minor degree, was the experiment of a newspaper without news, and a staff of writers who should not be professional penmen. In a "History of British Journalism" both of these facts were entitled to a prominent place. Nor in his "Sketches of Press Celebrities" is Mr. Andrews much less to blame. Six or seven years ago one of the best-known names in London journalism was that of Mr. E. M. Whitty, author of the "Governing Classes," and the "Stranger in Parliament," which appeared in the columns of the *Leader*, and at once established the writer's reputation. The papers were widely read not only by the ordinary public, but among cultivated politicians as well, and even attracted the favourable notice of M. de Montalembert. Not a syllable is said of that eminently able man and vigorous writer, the late Mr. Coulton, editor of the *Press* in its palmiest days, whose series of pointed articles during the winter and spring of 1855-6 exercised no small influence upon public opinion in favour of a peace with Russia. Indeed a double injustice is done to Mr. Coulton's memory; as Mr. Andrews

is silent on the subject of his connection with the *Britannia*, of which his management at once raised the circulation, and kept it at a profitable average as long as he continued editor. At p. 213 we find it said: "Perhaps Thackeray was now writing for the *Times*: it is generally said that he contributed essays to it in the time of Barnes." Why, ought any historian of British Journalism to be in doubt on such a point as this? We had thought it was a perfectly well-known fact that Mr. Thackeray was a regular literary contributor to the *Times* at the period in question. While, to crown all, we find it stated at p. 279 of the second volume:

"The year which saw Mr. Lewes mount the editorial chair of the *Leader* witnessed the abdication of that of the *Examiner* by Mr. Albany Fonblanque, who had occupied it for five-and-twenty years. In this year he was appointed chief of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, from which he has since been raised to a Commissionership of Bankruptcy."

The Commissioner of Bankruptcy and the chief of the Statistical Department in the Board of Trade happen, unfortunately for Mr. Andrews's accuracy, to be two different people.

Such is the slipshod character of these volumes; and we should not have done our duty had we characterised the republication in milder terms than we have used. Still it is obvious that a work travelling over so much ground, fertile in topics both of literary and antiquarian interest, must contain a good deal that is very agreeable to read, whatever doubts we may entertain of its strict correctness. We shall endeavour therefore to present our readers with a brief epitome of its contents, affording them such information relative to newspapers and their writers as many people are glad to have, and as some stand very much in need of.

The appetite for knowledge is as we know coeval with our race, and newspapers are not without some kind of resemblance to the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. In the earliest times the publication of news was watched with great vigilance by the Government, and though we find traces of written "news-letters," of which the writers were regularly paid, as early as the fifteenth century, yet they were not recognised even as a necessary evil till a hundred years later. We find Henry VIII. "suppressing" a journal of this description, which professed to give tidings of the Scotch War, in a style that leaves us little room to doubt what would have been his sentiments concerning "Our Own Correspondent." The composition of these letters was not considered beneath the dignity of a gentleman, though whether it ever formed anything resembling a profession must be considered doubtful. Certain families in particular neighbourhoods or taverns in large towns probably subscribed for a news-letter much as they may now do to a circulating library. And long after the invention of printing, indeed for nearly two centuries, such continued to be in effect the only vehicle by means of which the provinces acquired their knowledge of public affairs. During the reigns of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts these news-sheets, which came to be called "Mercuries," though they multiplied enormously, changed very little in character. But a rage for political satire sprang up during the Civil Wars, which when ultimately wedded to the news-sheet, became the germ of the modern newspapers. Down to the date of the Revolution, however, the two continued separate, and save that in the reign of

Charles II. the *London Gazette* was first published "by authority," but little advance had been made towards the erection of that power which was now about to experience such a sudden elevation.

Political journalism was the growth of the Augustan age. "The town" had expanded considerably since the days of Charles and James. A class of persons had begun to take an interest in politics to whom it was necessary to appeal in a more solid and argumentative manner than had hitherto been practised. The men and the time had both come. The political pen was taken out of the hands of Grub Street pamphleteers and "scholars, gentlemen, men of the world, men of genius, began to speak." Through many fluctuations the succession was still kept up, and though after the *Tatler*, the *Whig* and the *Tory Examiner*, and the *Freeholder* had expired, no other journal of equal celebrity succeeded, yet the system was now fairly afloat, and never wanted a supply of able and highly educated supporters till other descriptions of literature began to supersede it. After Steele, Swift, and Addison, came Bolingbroke and Pulteney in the *Craftsman*, Chesterfield in "*Mist*," *Common Sense*, *Old England*, and the *World*, Fielding in the *Covent Garden Journal*, and Smollett in the *Briton*. The majority of these papers and their contemporaries, though not all of them, contained home and foreign news, and literary and commercial advertisements. In shape they were not much unlike the *Examiner* of the present day, though considerably thinner, and as regards the merit of their articles, we can only say that in our opinion a selection from them has still to be made that will be an ornament to English literature. As many of Chesterfield's contributions as could with certainty be known are inserted in Dr. Maty's edition of his works, and for irony and style are among the most highly finished performances in the language.

The first daily morning paper, the *Daily Courant*, was published according to Mr. Andrews in 1702, according to Mr. Knight Hunt in his "Fourth Estate," in 1709. After this, however, they continued to increase, though none of them attained the celebrity of their weekly or bi-weekly contemporaries. We may mention, however, the *Middlesex Journal*, in which Chatterton wrote, the *Public Advertiser* immortalised by Junius, and the *Public Ledger*, in which the Citizen of the World rebuked the foibles of an unappreciating age. The latter exists still as a commercial chronicle; but the description of it when originally started will serve for a specimen of all the journals of the day:

"The 'political essays' were of the average kind: letters to the printer from a literary Roman, 'Probus' by signature; the literary department was as usual a series of diluted *Tatlers*, under such heads as 'The Ranger,' by 'Sir Simeon Swift,' or 'The Visitor,' by 'Mr. Philanthropy Candid'; and the theatrical articles were most likely written by Hugh Kelly, who, we know, hung about the office of the paper to pick up stray jobs."

Yet we hardly know what Mr. Andrews means by telling us of dramatic criticisms in the *Public Ledger* in 1760, when only two pages back he has asserted that as late as 1771 there were no dramatic criticisms.

The regular leading article seems to have grown up gradually, out of the editorial summary of news, and the political essays aforesaid. The origin of the title "leading

article," has vexed the souls of antiquarians; but whether it arose from the prominence of its position in the paper, or the "leads" employed in spacing out the lines, is a weighty question which we do not presume to determine.

The oldest existing morning paper of any importance is the *Morning Chronicle*, established in 1769 by one of the Woodfalls, who carried it on for twenty years, when it was purchased by the well-known James Perry, perhaps the earliest of the modern race of editors, who conducted it till his death in 1821. Perry was a remarkable man, and one of the many poor Scotchmen to whom English journalism is indebted. An amusing character of him is to be found in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1823, from which Mr. Andrews has quoted some of the least characteristic bits; but we have not space to make up his deficiency. He made, we are informed, from 6,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* a year by the *Chronicle*; and certainly he seems to have spared no pains to get the ablest men of the day upon his staff. Porson, Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, and Campbell were all "on" the *Morning Chronicle*, and helped to furnish out that varied entertainment which for a long time distinguished its columns. Perry was not much of a scholar himself, though educated at a Scotch University, and the story of his having written that epithalamia were thrown on Porson's tomb is well known. Next in antiquity to the *Morning Chronicle* is the *Morning Post*, established in 1772, and next to that the *Morning Herald* in 1780. But the great event of modern journalism was now at hand, and on the 13th of January, 1785, appeared No. 1 of the *Daily Morning Register*, of which the printer and proprietor was one John Walter, of Printing House Square, who three years afterwards changed its name to the *Times*. Mr. Walter seems to have acted as his own editor: but in 1803 he resigned the control of the paper into the hands of his son, who in 1812 appointed Dr. Stoddart to that post, having for the intermediate nine years, as far as we can gather from Mr. Andrews, followed his father's example, and edited the paper himself. In 1817 Stoddart and Walter quarrelled relative to the line of politics to be adopted, the editor desiring to adhere to the rigid old Tory school, and the proprietor desiring to soften it down. The result was that Stoddart seceded, and established the *New Times*, which was the means of introducing Dr. Croly and Mr. Hall of the *Art-Journal* into the ranks of the fourth estate. The new paper however lasted but a very short time, and its character may be seen, drawn with great acrimony, in the aforesaid number of the *Edinburgh Review*. Walter found a new editor in Thomas Barnes, educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge, who, attracting his notice originally by a series of letters on politics, had been placed by him on his staff of reporters, from which he was now withdrawn to fill the vacant chair of Stoddart. Barnes, who was but thirty-two when appointed to this responsible post, discharged its duties with eminent success, notwithstanding his convivial propensities, till his death in 1841, when he was succeeded by Mr. John Delane. The politics of the *Times* and *Chronicle* have continued throughout pretty nearly the same—the former being moderately Conservative, the latter till quite recently pure Whig. Of the weekly papers which still exist, the *Examiner* was founded in 1809, by Leigh Hunt and his brother John, and at once rose

into the front rank of newspaper literature. They made especial war on a product of that period known as the religious newspaper. But unhappily though they scotched the monster, they did not succeed in killing him. In 1817 *The Literary Gazette* was established by Mr. Jerdan, and in 1820 *The John Bull* burst upon the public with a vigorous ferocity characteristic of his namesake. On looking back, however, to the columns of this famous journal during the years of its greatest success we cannot avoid the conclusion that its influence was far more due to the social and fashionable knowledge possessed by its editor than to the literary ability displayed in it. Some of the leading articles on the great philanthropists of the day, Macaulay, Wilberforce, and others, are strong and massive, but strangely deficient in wit and point, and of the verses not more than one copy in five is worth the trouble of perusal. Mr. Andrews thinks that the paper was brought out without any promise of patronage from the Court, but we fancy this is scarcely probable.

The years 1826, 1827, and 1828 were prolific in newspapers. In the first were established the *Atlas* and a curious experiment of Mr. Murray's named the *Representative*, which showed that even the union of eminent talent, unlimited expenditure, and practical experience is not always enough to insure success. It is certainly curious that a journal which numbered among its staff such men as Mr. Disraeli and Dr. Maginn, and some of the most popular authors of the day besides, which was published by an experienced and influential house like Murray's, and was thoroughly well paid for in every department, should have been so complete a failure. But such was the case. The *Representative* expired seven months after its birth, and was succeeded in the following year by a paper in the same interest, that with smaller pretensions at once became a great success. This was the old *Standard*, established by the anti-Catholic section of the Tories, and entrusted to the editorship of Dr. S. L. Giffard, whose recent death has elicited several memoirs of his career, putting the "reading world in possession of all the principal facts presented by it. The year 1828 witnessed the foundation of another weekly paper, which soon became a formidable rival to its elder contemporaries, and ere long was generally recognised as the ablest of all the Saturday journals. When we mention the *Spectator* and Mr. Rintoul, our readers will at once admit the justice of our language.

We are aware that we have omitted some particulars in the above summary, but as we have taken our facts exclusively from Mr. Andrews's work, he alone is answerable for the deficiencies. As moreover the functions of a journalist and an author are different, we shall hold our hand at this point, and refrain from proceeding to later events, which, though improper to be omitted from a regular work, are not adapted for the columns of a contemporary. There are however one or two other topics in connection with this subject at which we may glance briefly.

It is a common complaint at the present day that the newspapers are dull. Much of this feeling may arise from the surfeit of periodical literature to which we are subjected; but more we think to the uniformity of our newspaper arrangements, and the monotonous nature of their contents. Hear

what the *Edinburgh Review* said of the *Morning Chronicle* in its best days:

"This paper we have been long used to think the best, both for amusement and instruction, that issued from the daily press. It is full, but not crowded; and we have breathing-spaces and openings left to pause upon each subject. We have plenty and variety. The reader of a morning paper ought not to be cramped to satiety. He ought to rise from the perusal light and refreshed. Attention is paid to every topic, but none is overdone. There is a liberality and decorum. Every class of readers is accommodated with its favourite articles, served up with taste, and without sparing for the sharpest sauces. A copy of verses is supplied by one of the popular poets of the day; a prose essay appears in another page, which, had it been written two hundred years ago, might still have been read with admiration; a correction of a disputed reading, in a classical author, is contributed by a learned correspondent. The politician may look profound over a grave dissertation on a point of constitutional history; a lady may smile at a rebus or a charade. Here Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan, maintained their nightly combats over again; here Porson criticised, and Jekyll punned. An appearance of conscious dignity is kept up, even in the advertisements, where a principle of proportion and separate grouping is observed; the announcement of a new work is kept distinct from the hiring of a servant of all-work, or the sailing of a steam-yacht."

Let us think of the time when Leigh Hunt's "Round Table" was appearing in the *Examiner*, and remember how successful was the experiment, tried by the *Chronicle* much later, of Mr. Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor." If some *entrées* of this kind were thought necessary in addition to the *pièce de résistance* of politics, even when party feeling ran so high, how much more is some such variation required, when that feeling has so nearly vanished? The broader and more philosophic articles which have replaced the old gladiatorial displays can never be so interesting to a mere newspaper reader as what they have supplanted. It is possible also that the system of publishing works in monthly numbers may to some extent have aided in the result complained of; rendering as it does the execution of a great work compatible with the rapid popularity and profit of periodical writing. From whatever cause it arise, we fear that the amusing and interesting elements of newspapers have not increased in proportion to their advance in respectability, and political and scientific knowledge. But this advance has indeed been remarkable, and the thought conducts us naturally to another most important consideration, the *status* of newspaper writers. This we think can never have been quite as bad as it is sometimes represented to be even now. From its earliest origin, journalism has always had a certain class of followers who could shame society out of any contempt for the pursuit. Burke doing the *Annual Register* for 100l. a year, in later times such men as John Wilson and Mr. Fox, both active members of Parliament and both journalists, and even now one or two celebrated names that might be mentioned—are sufficient to clear the profession from obloquy among the higher and more cultivated classes. But it must be confessed that such men have till lately been outweighed by the more thoroughly Bohemian element. Mr. Andrews's pages teem with instances. His description of the earlier race of parliamentary reporters is as queer as, we have no doubt, it is veracious. There was a class of men which existed within the memory of the living, who set all order and decency at

defiance. One of them, as is well known, in a pause of the parliamentary debates loudly demanded "a song from the Speaker;" another we have heard of who presented himself in the gallery in a masquerade dress. Here is a sketch of a true Bohemian, quite sufficient to frighten the respectable classes from training up their sons to journalism:

"A waif and stray of the press comes staggering in our way at this stage, and calls upon us, with drunken importunity, to record, before we go on, how a poor misguided journalist lived and died. The death of John Mitford left not even a shadow upon the Christmas hearth of a friend—the poor fellow fell over into his grave on the 25th of December, 1831, but tumbled none of the Christmas embers of his family to pieces. He was a cousin of Miss Mitford, the pourtrayer of country life, and of Dr. Mitford, the historian of Greece, and possessed talent which might have added increased lustre to the name he bore. Born at Mitford Castle, in Northumberland, his spirit turned, as so many untamed spirits do, to the sea, and he fought under Hood and Nelson. But quitting the navy, he attached himself to the newspaper press in various capacities, and afterwards edited the *Scourge*, the *Bon Ton Gazette*, the *Quizzical Gazette* (a penny publication), &c. But his habits plunged him to the neck in poverty. Whilst editing the *Bon Ton Gazette*, Elliot, the proprietor, had to keep him in a sort of cellar, with a candle and a bottle of gin (which was constantly being replenished), and a piece of old carpeting for his coverlid at night—yet he would stealthily creep out in search of gin unless his shoes were taken away from him. He wrote the songs 'The King is a true British Sailor,' and 'Johnny Newcome in the Navy.' The publisher of the latter allowed him a shilling a day while he was writing it. The money was expended after his own manner—twopence in bread and cheese and an onion, and the rest in gin, and he had nothing to pay for the grass and nettles in Bayswater fields that formed his bed at night. A compassionate Samaritan on one occasion gave him a pair of Wellington boots; but they were speedily converted into gin, which he at once sat down to drink out. The man who had bought them soon afterwards returned, and jeeringly told him that he had just pawned them for fifteen shillings. 'Ah!' said Mitford, with a self-gratulatory shrug, 'but you went out in the cold to do it.' For several years this poor, idle, straying, wilful, clever sot lived by his wits, and slept three nights in the week in the open air, when he could not muster threepence for a filthy bed in St. Giles's. He died of course perfectly destitute, leaving a wife and family, who had been taken care of by his near relative, Lord Redesdale, and his poor emaciated body was buried by Mr. Green, of Will's Coffee House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who had, in early days, been a shipmate of the unfortunate fellow."

Editors were often in those early days nearly as reckless as their contributors. Two fatal duels took place in the first quarter of the present century, to say nothing of less serious rencontres. Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, was shot by Christie, editor of *Blackwood's*, in 1821; and in the same year, Sir Alexander Boswell, son of the biographer, was shot for a lampoon in a Scotch newspaper, by one of the Edinburgh Whigs.

We shall conclude this notice with a few words on the profession of journalism at the present day, which the publication of these volumes, coincident with Mr. Beresford Hope's recent essay, seems to require. The latter gentleman regrets that journalism does not meet with sufficient social recognition as such; but looks forward to better times, and anticipates the day when the upper classes shall as naturally look upon it as one means of subsistence for their children, as they do now upon the so-called "regular pro-

fessions." Now, the great difficulty which we see in the way of this anticipation being realised, is that in journalism there are none of those inferior grades which can be satisfactorily filled by men of common-place abilities. Such men may make good parish priests, good regimental officers, safe lawyers, or safe doctors. We do not mean to say that it would not be desirable, in the abstract, to get the best man that can be got, for every such position, for emergencies may arise in each demanding extraordinary talent. But they do not occur often enough to create any serious defect in the system in which society acquiesces. There is a great deal of work that the average clergyman can do as well as a Hooker or a Herbert. A great deal that an average officer can do as well as the Duke himself. To law and medicine the observation applies in a still greater degree. But to journalism it applies not at all. The circumstances of other professions which enable society to be merciful to mediocrity do not exist there. We shall not, we trust, be supposed to mean that there is no mediocrity in journalism. But we mean that it exists there under the same conditions as evil exists under in the world: a thing to be warred upon incessantly: a practical, not a merely theoretical, defect. Consequently, no man in the profession, however good a writer, but is conscious that he may any day be supplanted by a better. No editor or proprietor of a newspaper can afford to keep the second best man, when the best man offers himself. When a solicitor is applied to to send a brief to some embryo Lord Chancellor, he will constantly reply that his firm send their business to Mr. So-and-so, mentioning some old established connection. It is no matter to him that the young lawyer aforesaid has the abilities of a Sugden or a Follett. Mr. So-and-so does his business *well enough*, and he will gain nothing by the exchange. But in the race which newspapers run against one another, an employer who should argue in such a fashion would very soon find himself in Basinghall Street. Journalism, therefore, may be called strictly competitive in all its stages: indeed, the whole business of a journalist, whether a junior or a senior, is little else than one long examination. He never gains a landing place in which he is relieved from the pressure of the crowd. He has no pension to look forward to when beaten by sickness or younger men, and the gains of the most successful are not sufficient to spare a provision for the future. But if these disadvantages be insufficient to account for the peculiar position of journalism, there is yet another impediment to the realisation of Mr. Hope's ideal, for which we see no remedy, though we should be very well pleased if we could. We may here apply the old rule of poetry to another department of literature—*nascitur non fit*—that is to say, there is no special education by which we can make a man a journalist, as we make him a parson or a lawyer, an engineer or an architect. Yet without some such formal and recognised preparation, we scarcely see how the profession can be reduced to a system to such an extent as Mr. Hope requires.

These two objections then: the competitive character of the occupation, which renders it precarious even to the most skilled workmen, and the absence alike of any test by which fitness for it can be proved, and of any process by which it can be formed till

the aspirant is already in the lists, seem to us fatal to any such sanguine expectations as that gentleman professes. But we confess we see no reason why the journalist is on that account to be pitied. He invests no capital in his trade. If success come to him at all, it comes early, without those sickening delays which await other candidates for a competence. While, as to his social position, we are inclined to think that it is much what he chooses to make it. The church and the army do possibly procure for certain men a degree of social recognition which they would not have experienced outside of those professions. But the rank and file of the bar, of medicine, and much more of any more material occupation, make no more way in society, by virtue of their calling, than literary men. A barrister who is not a gentleman is no better received than a journalist who is not a gentleman. The journalist who is one, is just as well received as the barrister who is one, by people at least whom it is any honour to be received by. Those classes of society who are too ignorant to know what journalism is, are not now, whatever they might once have been, such as to cause much chagrin to a man of education at being excluded from them. Beside which, this particular absurdity is not experienced by literary men alone. "One cannot ask one's medical man to one's table," says Mrs. Major Ponto, in the "Book of Snobs." There are people who affect to look down upon an Old Bailey barrister. And we believe that if the social wrongs of the literary class are heard so much more of than those of any other, it is only because it has a special power of making them public.

Colletta's History of Naples. Translated from the Italian by S. Horner. With a Supplementary Chapter, 1825-1856. (Edinburgh: Constable; London: Hamilton & Adams.)

GENERAL Pietro Colletta, though little known to the reading public of England, established during his eventful lifetime strong claims to the title of a great man. His lifetime fell short by many years of the allotted seventy. He was born at Naples in January, 1775, and died at Florence in the November of 1831. He was thus within little more than a year of being the exact contemporary of Niebuhr, whom in many important respects he resembled. Like Niebuhr, he united a deeply cherished affection for Roman antiquity and a vigorous study of Roman history to an active and personal interest in the affairs of his own age and country. Like Niebuhr, also, he was able in the closing years of his life to devote himself thoroughly to the literary pursuits which had been the earliest passion of his youth. And, notwithstanding the important difference implied in the fact that the attention of the German was finally riveted upon the remote past of a foreign country, and that of the Neapolitan upon the more immediate annals of his own, it is impossible to avoid noticing a certain consanguinity of genius between the two, and we may speculate upon an imaginary meeting and conversation between them of the very liveliest interest.

Having entered the army as an officer of artillery in 1796, that is to say, when just twenty-one years old, he distinguished himself in the war against the French two years later, and improved his opportunities of comparing the superior discipline of the

enemy with that of his countrymen. On the fall of the Republic he narrowly escaped with his life, having been shut up in prison, and only rescued from the scaffold by the untiring exertions of one of his relations. He now embraced the profession of a civil engineer, and quickly attained eminence in it. In the years 1808-9 he was intrusted by King Joachim to explore the Island of Capri, with a view to attacking the English garrison posted there under Sir Hudson Lowe; and so well was this commission executed, that Colletta was next despatched as *Intendente* to Calabria Ultra, where, during a two years' residence in the capital city of Monteleone, he had good opportunities for collecting materials towards his future history. In the years 1812-14 he appears on an ascending scale of honourable distinction, beginning with the rank of superintendent of roads and bridges, with the title of general attached, and ending with the chief command of the military engineers, and a councillorship of state.

During the revolution of 1820 he was sent by Ferdinand to Sicily, with the authority of royal lieutenant; and there, while suppressing the revolt, he owns to having been merciless towards the insurrectionists. After two months' absence he returned to Naples, just as the fortunes of the constitutionalists were nearest their ebb. In the February of 1821 he succeeded Parisi as Minister of War; but the advent of Canosa with King Ferdinand was the signal for vengeance to be wreaked upon Colletta before any other victim. He was first thrown into the Castle of Sant' Elmo, and tormented during three months by the amiable Canosa; from thence he was removed to a dreary exile at Brünn in Moravia, "at the foot of that Spielberg which has been made a living tomb for so many Italian patriots;" and, so nearly did his strength succumb to the sufferings of this place, that he was at last (in March, 1823) removed to Florence, where he spent the last eight years of his life in the composition of his beloved history, living in the strictest retirement and economy, and only removing to Leghorn in the winter to gain the benefit of a more genial climate. He died at Florence (as stated above) late in the year 1831; and he lies buried in a little chapel on the road that leads from Florence to Pisa.

Colletta had commenced the literary man so early as 1815, when he wrote a military narrative of the last war of Joachim. He also published two short pamphlets in 1820, soon after the outbreak of the revolution. Of this revolution in 1820-21 we have histories from three of the constitutional generals. Pepe's and Carrascosa's are confined to the revolution itself; while Colletta's makes a conspicuous figure in his second volume. Carrascosa and Colletta agree in throwing heavy blame on the Carbonari; and it is clear enough, from all three accounts, that the insurrection was precipitated by the rashness of the inferior actors, before the real leaders considered matters ripe. Colletta's remarks on General Pepe must be qualified, as Mr. Horner well observes, by bearing in mind the animosity which existed between them. The elder soldier had instructed Pepe in mathematics when a boy, and had known him from the age of fourteen. He could not, therefore, overcome the mortification of seeing him promoted above himself in 1820. Colletta, however, is not consistent with his own estimate at different times. In one passage he stigmatises his

rival as the dupe of the Carbonari, the victim of his own hasty temper, and an exaggerated imitator of the whims of King Joachim. In another he gives him full credit for honesty and even a considerable share of talent; and in his pamphlet of 1820 (*Storia di Napoli dal 2 al 6 Luglio*) he bestowed upon him extreme praise, and spoke of him as having earned the eternal affection and gratitude of the Neapolitans.

The specialty of this author's literary nature was a profound and reverential admiration of Tacitus as an historian. When quite young he turned from the study of mathematics to that of Latin with the sole object, as it is believed, of mastering the *Annals* and *Histories*, upon which he afterwards modelled his own composition and style. We have little doubt that the original Italian would add very largely to those Tacitean parallels which may be traced not unfrequently in the English version. The following sentence (Vol. II. p. 340), might be almost read off into the nervous Latin of the model:—"The character of the Duke of Calabria was variously reported; he was deeply versed in the secrets of a palace where falsehood reigned supreme; he was likewise the friend of Canosa who was suspected of all the treachery practised in Sicily; but until that time he himself was unstained by crime, and (what was a greater recommendation) he had suffered from his father's tyranny." As a specimen of his descriptive style, and also of Mr. Horner's very praiseworthy translation, we may quote the account of an *auto-da-fé*, executed in the year 1724, in the persons of Romualdo, a lay Augustinian, and Gertrude, a Benedictine nun. They were both partially insane, and the extreme limit of their transgression was the pretension to certain supernatural revelations and intercourse held with spirits:

"On the 6th April of that year, 1724, in the square of San Erasmo, the largest in the city of Palermo, preparations were made for the execution. A high cross was elevated in the centre, painted white, and enclosed on either side by a pile, each about ten braccia (*braccia*, nearly two feet) in height, covered by a wooden scaffolding like a stage, which was reached by steps; a stake was driven into the floor above each pile; altars were erected in different parts of the square, and richly decorated galleries were arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, facing the cross. In the midst of them rose a more elevated building of larger dimensions, very elaborately ornamented with velvet, gilt ribbons, and the emblems of religion. This was intended for the inquisitors; the remaining galleries were for the viceroy, the archbishop, and the senate; for the nobles, clergy, magistrates and ladies; while the people stood below. At the first dawn of day the bells sounded to penance; the processions then commenced, composed of friars, priests, and confraternities, who, passing through all the streets of the city, walked round the cross, and ranged themselves in the places assigned them. The square was crowded from daybreak, and the galleries were filled with spectators, who arrived in parties, or singly, and all attired in gala dresses, to witness the sacrifice: the space below was likewise filled with the people, waiting the arrival of the victims.

"It was already past two in the afternoon, and tables laden with provisions filled the galleries, changing the scene prepared for gloom into one of festivity. In the midst of this gaiety, the first who arrived was the unhappy Gertrude, bound upon a car, in a dark dress, her hair dishevelled, and a tall paper cap on her head, on which her name was inscribed, with paintings representing the flames of hell. The car, drawn by black oxen, and preceded by a long procession of friars, was escorted by a convoy of princes and dukes, mounted on superb horses; and followed by the

three father inquisitors riding white mules. On the arrival of the cortege, the prisoner was consigned to the other Dominican friars and theologians for the last pretended forms of conversion; another cortege then appeared, resembling the first, conveying Brother Romualdo; and the inquisitors took their seats in the magnificent tribune prepared for them.

"These formalities being ended, the obstinacy of the culprits was proclaimed in a loud voice, and their sentences read in Latin; the woman was the first to ascend the scaffold; and the two friars who acted as executioners bound her to the stake, and set fire to her hair, which had been previously anointed with resinous ointments, that the flames might continue burning round her head; after setting fire to her clothes, which were also impregnated with resin, they left her. The unhappy woman, now alone upon the scaffold, whilst groaning with pain, and the flames burning around and beneath her, fell along with the cover of the pile on which she was standing; and having disappeared bodily, the spectators were still made aware of her existence by her shrieks; while flames and smoke concealed the insulted cross of Christ. Brother Romualdo perished on the other pile in the same manner, after having witnessed the torments of his companion. Among the spectators might be remarked a dingy, melancholy group of twenty-six prisoners of the Holy Office, who had been forced to witness the ceremony; they alone, among the crowd, wept over the scene,—for the remainder, either from cowardice, ignorance, a false idea of religion, or abject superstition, applauded the infamous sacrifice. The three inquisitors were Spanish monks. I refrain from naming those who volunteered their assistance, that I may not disgrace their descendants, who have, we may trust, improved since the days of their fathers; but they are registered in other pages; for public virtue rarely, and still more rarely public vice, can remain hidden."

If, even in the conscientious Tacitus, we see symptoms of the *ἀνδρομειρία ἐν τῷ παρρησίᾳ* *ἀνδρείου*, in his Neapolitan follower they have quite disappeared. In his opening chapter he tells us, that the summary there given is only valuable to those who have a previous grounding in the history of Giannone; and, in the touching farewell to his labours when the work closes at the death of Ferdinand I., he speaks loyally of his history as having been the firm friend of his honour, of truth and right, and looks forward to long life in a distant future as his remote but adequate reward. The true field of Colletta's narrative is comprised in a period of ninety-one years (1734—1825), a very brief sketch of the history previous to the accession of Charles of Bourbon forming the subject-matter of an introductory chapter. Of his ten books, the first records the reign of Charles; the second, third, and fifth that of Ferdinand IV.; while the brief fortunes of the Parthenopean Republic, from January to June in 1799, are detailed in the fourth book. The sixth and seventh books (1806—1815) are occupied with Joseph Bonaparte and Joachim Murat respectively; and the last three complete the reign of Ferdinand, under the new cypher of I. instead of IV. By the Congress of Vienna, it is hardly necessary to state, the Two Sicilies were reunited into one kingdom; and Ferdinand, who was fourth of that name in Naples, and third in Sicily, became first in the united realm.

The last hundred pages of the second volume contain Mr. Horner's supplementary chapter on the history of the thirty-one years that intervened between 1825 and 1856. In compiling it, he has consulted the best Italian authorities; and, among his English sources of information, we notice, "Naples; Political, Social, and Religious;" by Lord

B—; together with Mr. Gladstone's "Letter to Lord Aberdeen," and the "Apology" of the same statesman. Mr. Horner was further assisted by a person "well acquainted with the affairs of Naples," and who was himself present during many of the recorded transactions. This supplement is thoroughly well done; the 15th of May, 1848, is described with spirit and minuteness; and the following wise remarks bring the whole work to its termination:

"The miracle of the Italian Governments after 1815 at one time made the people look back to the period of the French occupation as comparative freedom, and the institutions of France were associated with liberty, however unworthy of the name; but time and experience have taught a wiser lesson, and if the Italians have thereby learnt that they must trust to their own arm alone, the price of so much suffering has not been too dearly paid. Should the day ever arrive when those nations who sympathise with a people struggling for their just rights, will exercise their influence to prevent the unfair interference of other great powers in the interest of despotism, Italy may perhaps yet shake off her foreign yoke, and with it demolish the tyranny of her native princes. She has hitherto been like a ship in a tempestuous sea, where the crew have accepted, in their emergency, any pilot who volunteered to guide them into a safe harbour; and incapable or unworthy, as each of these have proved themselves, and differing widely in means as well as aim, all hoisted the flag of Italian unity as the only sure hope of freedom. The ill-digested schemes of Mazzini, and of the Society of Young Italy, the fanciful theories of Gioberti, and the ambition of the House of Savoy (though for a time they have frustrated their own object) alike call upon the Italians of every State to join in a common cause; while the weakness of the Pope, and the tyranny of the King of Naples, have shaken the outworks of superstition, and strengthened the hatred to Austria. Even the selfishness displayed by foreign powers may perhaps have taught a lesson, not again to look to the stranger for protection, but that a people must solely rely on their own virtue, courage, and unanimity for independence; and that the separate States of Italy, whatever may be their ultimate form of government, must build their freedom as one nation on Italian tradition and history, apart from all servile imitation of France, or even of England."

An Inquiry into the Evidence relating to the Charges brought by Lord Macaulay against William Penn. By John Paget, Esq., Barrister-at-law. (Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. PAGET, gleaned after Mr. Hepworth Dixon in the same field of historical criticism, has succeeded in binding together a small but compact sheaf of his own. His researches effectively support the strong case made out by the biographer of Penn against the most popular of English historians. The result is very damaging not only to Lord Macaulay's authority as a writer of history, but to his character as a generous and high-minded man as well. We all know that he writes habitually under influences not favourable to strict historic accuracy, and expect therefore a certain amount of exaggeration, of misrepresentation even, more or less unconscious, in his work. Both his nature and his art, his political sympathies and his habits as a fine writer, lead him to throw brighter lights and deeper shadows into his historical portraits than are to be found in the originals. The constant straining after effect must impair the finer sense of truth, so essential to correct historic portraiture, while nothing is more fatal to impartiality than a strong and manifest political bias.

It is plain enough even to ordinary readers that Lord Macaulay often sacrifices minute accuracy to point, artistic putting, and dramatic effect. And historical students well know that his strong party feelings often colour unfairly his representations of public events. But till lately few would have believed that he could be guilty of wilful misrepresentation, or what is the same thing, that he would obstinately persist in repeating unfounded statements after their falsehood had been clearly pointed out. It is a great pity, both for his own and his readers' sake, that he should do this. It shows a want of dignity and a want of strength that we should scarcely have expected to find in such an able, accomplished, and high-spirited writer. For it is certainly weak not to confess that we are in the wrong, when we feel we really are so, not to avow frankly an error when it is clearly pointed out, even though this be done in a hostile spirit. We cannot but hope that Lord Macaulay will in the end retract the more serious, which are at the same time the most unfounded of his charges against William Penn.

Mr. Paget's little book must contribute something toward bringing about this desirable result. It is calm in tone, and conclusive both in the evidence brought forward and the reasonings founded upon it. Mr. Paget divides Macaulay's charges against Penn into nine, of which the first is the celebrated one about the maids at Taunton. It was Sir James Mackintosh who first, through a not unnatural blunder, connected William Penn's name with that disreputable transaction. With regard to this Mr. Paget speaks as follows:

"It must be added with regret that William Penn, sacrificing other objects to the hope of obtaining the toleration of his religion from the king's favour, was appointed an agent for the maids of honour, and submitted to receive instructions to make the most advantageous composition he could in their behalf. The continuer of Mackintosh adopts the statement, and adds, that Penn went down to Taunton; in support of which assertion he cites Ralph, who, as we have seen, never mentions Penn in the matter, but says that the maids of honour sent down 'an agent.' That Lord Macaulay should have followed Mackintosh without inquiry in the original edition, should hardly excite surprise; but after having had his attention drawn to the evidence, which was not in the possession of Mackintosh, and the origin of the mistake pointed out, he declares his determination to adhere to his original statement, and justifies that determination at great length in a note to the edition of his 'History' just published, upon the following grounds:—

"First, That Sir James Mackintosh had no doubt about the matter.

"The authority of Sir James Mackintosh is unquestionably high. But Sir James Mackintosh would have been the first to admit the possibility that he might be led into error by deficient information, or by the mistake of a transcriber, and the first to correct that error. Lord Macaulay is put into possession of the evidence which Sir James Mackintosh had not, and the mistake of the transcriber is pointed out. Sir James Mackintosh is dead, and cannot correct the error; Lord Macaulay is living, and will not. The argument derived from the authority of Sir James Mackintosh, under these circumstances, must go for as much as it is worth.

The author concludes his reply under this head in a manner equally satisfactory:

"Thirdly, Lord Macaulay urges that it is improbable that the maids of honour would have employed such an agent as George Penne; that Sir Francis Warre was a man of high rank and

consideration, and therefore it is unlikely that so low a fellow as George Penn should be employed in the transaction.

"It is exactly because he was a low fellow that he was employed. He was the agent to 'bustle and stir about' amongst the relatives of the girls, and wring the uttermost farthing from them. If an agent had been required to communicate with the king, and to obtain their pardon, William Penn might possibly have been applied to; but this had been already done. The pardon was obtained, and all that remained was to make the best bargain with the relatives of the children. For this, George Penn, not William Penn, was the fitting agent.

"Fourthly, Lord Macaulay says that no inference should be drawn from the abrupt and uncourteous style of the note, or the conjunction of the obscure Mr. Walden with the king's personal friend and the lord-proprietor of a province, because the Marquess of Wellesley, when Governor of India, addressed his brother General Wellesley, in official communications, with the formality of 'Sir'.

"It would have been well, if, before using this argument, Lord Macaulay had observed the tone of the Duke of Somerset's letters to Sir Francis Warre, and asked himself whether those of Lord Sunderland to William Penn were likely to be less courteous? Let the reader picture to himself the terms in which Lord Sunderland would have announced to the Duke of Somerset, and to Sir Francis Warre, that the king's personal and confidential friend had condescended to take upon himself to 'bustle and stir about,' to 'ease and assist' the Somersetshire baronet, and the profuse expressions of gratitude which he would have been charged to express on the part of the maids of honour; and then let him turn to the letter to 'Mr. Penn,' and ask himself whether the language is most adapted to William Penn or to George Penn!

"Fifthly, Lord Macaulay has one argument left, and one only.

"It is, that such is his opinion, and such shall be his opinion. This is the only argument of Lord Macaulay which it is impossible to answer. It is the same reasoning which was considered by Lord Peter to be conclusive in the great debate between himself and his brothers Martin and Jack, when they respectfully submitted that his brown loaf was not mutton. 'Look ye, gentlemen,' cries Peter in a rage, 'to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument: By G—, it is good, true, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market, and confound you both eternally if you offer to believe otherwise.'"

Many of the other charges are disposed of in an equally conclusive manner, and the volume as a whole must be regarded as a full and satisfactory refutation of the odious charges brought by the great English historian against the founder of Pennsylvania.

Unprotected Females in Sicily, Calabria, and on the top of Mount Etna. (Routledge & Co.)

HERE are our bright, brave friends again, "Emilia and Mamma;" this time turning the heads of susceptible Italians, rousing whole villages to adoration, and smiling their way, victorious over all sorts of Southern dangers and discomforts, as they smiled and conquered in their Northern experiences. Rapid and good-humoured; a little dashing and rattling, but never vulgar or unfeminine; with a proper womanly respect for flirting, and a womanly consciousness of her own personal beauties, the Unprotected Female, *filie*, is just as charming and delightful among the orange groves of Southern Italy as she was in the pine forests of Norway; just as *piquante* in her hat and feather which

make the Catanian ask lazily if "la Signorina is a *ballerina*?" (dancer), as she was in her scarlet pantalettes which frightened away the wolves and fascinated the Norwegian peasants. The ascent of Mount Etna, and a journey into Calabria—that stronghold of brigandage and uncurbed passions—form the two heroic points of their present travels. And truly, without boast or self-glorification, they were feats of which any woman might be proud, and which none but exceptional and especially attractive women would have performed with the *éclat* and success of our fair authoress and her mother.

Every one falls in love, or goes near to falling in love with "Emilia." At Palermo a fiery Sicilian sees her in the "Cathedral Church," and straightway despatches a note to the hotel, wherein he breaks ground by demanding permission to open negotiations with *la madre*; at Caltanissetta, a provincial town on the way to Etna, Don Giovanni and others become quite romantic and tender; at the foot of Mount Etna an amiable, gentlemanly monk, with whom, by way of scientific experiment, she essays a mild kind of flirtation, so assures her on the doubtful point of monkish gallantry that "no young ladies need in future take the trouble of trying the experiment;" the passionate Calabrians literally adore her; and not a man of any degree with whom she comes in contact but is ready to serve her to his dying breath, and to defend her to the last drop of his blood. But all this is told in the most natural and unaffected manner, as a pretty girl, full of fun and kindness, would speak of her "conquests" to her friends; the admiration she received being far too patent and well deserved to be ignored without falseness. The honest recognition of her own attractions is one of the rarest and most delightful traits in a woman; and it is only thoroughly modest, unaffected, and healthy women who dare to be candid on that point. Prudery is a much safer game, and more considered by the multitude.

Palermo did not detain them long. Its glossy donkeys, beggars, government lotteries, which give to the State about 200,000*l.* annually, wherewith to support the hateful Swiss mercenaries; its yellow-clad convicts; its Donna Luisas, gliding to confessional under the charge of traditional duennas; its brazen ram of Syracuse—the last of the four invented by Archimedes to show whence came the wind, as it rushed and roared through the hollow bodies set at the four corners of the town; its marble palaces, inhabited in the morning by dirty beggarly-looking women in ragged gowns and with old handkerchiefs wrapped round their unbrushed heads—in the afternoon by fashionable, seductive Italian *damas*, all colours, perfumery, beautiful eyes, passionate love, magnificent hair, and childish ignorance; its dirt and stateliness; its capacity for commercial importance and impatience under the present rule of tyranny and vice; its classic associations and surpassing natural loveliness—Palermo, all ablaze with scarlet pomegranates and luscious with purple grapes, was not the goal of their Sicilian journey. They were bound for the crater of Mount Etna, and nothing less would satisfy them. It was to no purpose that every Italian to whom they confided their intention, expressed the utmost horror of it. "*Girare senza esser accompagnate!*" they said in varied accents of condemnation and terror. The thing was impossible; could never be done; the English ladies were mad

to dream of it; and ran some risk of being thought even worse than mad. For no Italian woman understands independence or self-reliance; and a journey without a male escort is as completely out of their habits as their duennas and cicisbeos are foreign to ours. But our unprotected females were not to be discouraged. With a plaited grass basket full of cold chickens, cake, wine, and various Palermitan dainties; with two waterproof bags, and several warm shawls; dressed in strong cotton gowns over warm petticoats, and equipped, one in a round hat and feather, the other in an elastic bonnet, with a charm against the fingers of beggars and children in the shape of a stuffed fox's head with large, bright, cunning eyes, and which was the paint-pocket as well, and with a little chamois-foot whistle, as a danger signal, they started off for the interior, trusting to their own nerve and good humour to carry them safely to the end, as they had been carried so often before. They passed through a few adventures of the milder sort, before they came to Nicolosi, whence the ascent is made, and they were initiated into a curious secret of Sicilian domestic habits. They called in the morning on a gentleman to whom they bore letters of introduction. They were received by a magnificent looking Pasha of a Don, in a green velvet dressing gown and red cap, all very fine, who was followed into the room by a pretty, ragged slave, to whom they did not even like to give money, so they gave it to one of the spinner-women instead. In the afternoon they met the Pasha with a lady by his side, driving in a beautiful carriage. They looked; and the ragged little slave girl was his fashionably dressed, smiling, princess of a wife! This was simply an instance of Sicilian maternal slovenliness. They pursue their journey, and see more of Sicilian life. They turn sick at the abominable cruelty exercised towards horses, mules, and oxen, which are scored and gashed with a knife when we would simply lash with a whip; they hear a Sicilian "row," and are tolerably frightened at its violence; are in some danger of dying of starvation at Caltanissetta, the capital of a province—"nothing to be had," until their good genius Don Giovanni provides them with a magic supper; they cause commotion and jealousy between the said Don and a gentleman who understands English, to whom they present a *Times* to study; and they learn to eat and almost to sleep and live in public, so much are they followed, intruded on, and stared at, both openly and through the *trous Judas*, which almost baffle Mamma's ingenuity to mask; they rave classicalities and mythologies; go down sulphur mines; flirt with more susceptible Dons; are robbed in the most barefaced manner by a priest; get into a little danger in crossing a swollen torrent; part sentimentally with their gallant friends; and so journey through Catania, till they come to Nicolosi, at the foot of the wondrous volcano they are to explore.

Five days of incessant rain detained them prisoners at the base, an annoyance considerably lightened by the kindness and companionship of the celebrated Dr. Gemelaro, the Etnean philosopher, as it pleases our lively friend to call him; the same whom M. Quatrefages found of so much value in his late scientific tour, and a man of rare worth and knowledge. Here too the interesting little episode of the monk took place, which caused the philosopher to wish he could assassinate him, and be his mortal enemy

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for ever afterwards; and here the pretty young daughter of the Cancelliere said Aves for their safety in their winter ascent, and, when her Aves were finished, wrote a poem on the occasion. It was in vain that Dr. Gemelaro opposed their project; in vain that the very guides shook their heads and made incomplete arrangements, sure of a failure,—the nerve and pluck of our two heroines were proof against everything. And after the five days of rain ceased, the ascent was fairly begun; every obstacle was successively overcome, fatigue was conquered, mistakes were laughed away, and the brave English girl at last seated her mother comfortably on an icicle at the top of the mountain, while she ran off with Georgio, her guide, to the edge and summit of the dome-like crater. The guides were in tremendous spirits. They shouted and sang, gave all the honour to Santa Lucia, whose fête-day it was, said the thing must be printed, and, slyly adds our authoress, ended by taking them for very near relations of her holiness Santa Lucia, "perhaps me for herself." In descending, they suffered awfully from cold and fatigue, and the terrible desire for sleep and rest, which, if indulged, is such certain death. They lost their mules, and they lost a shawl; and they thought they were going to be left in the forest to die. But these misadventures all came to a good ending. The mules were found, a fire was lighted, the guides warmed their chilled feet with their silk handkerchiefs, and, after a little time of rest—bivouac-ing before a blazing fire—they gained Nicolosi safe and sound, having been absent seventeen hours, and became the nine days' wonder and historical heroines of the place.

Down next to Syracuse, which is under the especial protection of the Virgin, as evidenced by the Latin letter written on ordinary paper, and carefully preserved in the cathedral, and where they saw Dionysius's ear and spent Christmas night on the balcony in a blaze of fireworks; and then across the straits between Scylla and Charybdis, and so, amid the gloomiest forebodings of all they left behind them, to Calabria, to be greeted on New Year's Day with a pretty sonnet on rose-coloured paper, placed in each coffee-cup and wishing a "happy New Year." They found Calabria full of beauty and interest; full, too, of most romantic gallantry. This was the manner in which they were received at the Cavaliere Monsolimi's:

"When the morning had passed midst these pleasant statistics, the parties proposed driving for amusement to some of the surrounding villas, and there we spent the most completely Italian afternoon, in a poetical and romantic point of view, we had yet had. Each garden was a bower of graceful trellis, the pliant vine leading through thousand arches of tender green, to spots where the massive tree of tropic growth hung over the delicate camellia and sweet cassia; the sun glowed warm through their leaves; rustic seats were placed where all the beauties met; pliant baskets at our feet were filled with luscious Mandarin oranges plucked by attendant peasants who remained to play on their rustic pipes, the small reeds of which they held two, or even three, to their lips at once; one, most agile, placed a ladder against the long trunk of the African palm, and brought down a branch, golden as the dates it bore. The balm of the south was soft as ever the imagination had breathed it: light and life danced on the ground; the young envoys, romantic as their country, had each prepared an ode, and recited it with an animation inspired by the novelty

of the subject, 'Ladies visiting their Calabria.' Seeing this talent appreciated, they burst forth into lively improvisations, each taking up the strain the other dropped, and carrying it on with an animation which gave new turns and fresh ideas to the original verse. On re-entering the inn, their buoyant spirits found further vent in the graceful steps of the national 'Tarantella;' harp and violin were summoned upstairs; the handsome landlady and pretty niece entered with zest into its maze—all that has been said and written of merry Italy in other ages seemed realised by this joyous close to a Calabrian day!"

Don Raffaele, the director of Posts, travels with them; takes the most fatherly care of them both, especially of *la Signorina*; spreads his cloak as a carpet for them in the true spirit of Walter Raleigh; and finally leaves them comfortably provided for, by his own exertions. They receive presents of cream and fruit; of cake and sugar-plums; and they see real Calabrian costume and hear horrible Calabrian stories. Calabrian costume is in this wise:

Those beautiful white head-dresses, square at the top, flowing behind; bodies of velvet, laced and trimmed with coloured ribbons, and underskirts of red, covered with stately figures; across their shoulders were thrown woollens, striped in brilliant orange. Those going to mass, or a christening, were decked with gold; mourners had head-dresses of transparent black, folded square as the white; others repairing to the fields, wore petticoats all but tight, with blue over-skirt open in front, and knotted behind at pleasure; their stockings ceased cut off at the ankles, and shoes were rare. The men appeared brigands all over: the pointed hat which has played so large a part in romantic portraiture towered on every head, and was festooned with endless rows of velvet, each having a pendent loop at the side; their jackets, gaiters, and goat-skin sandals, were of the exactest bandit cut; the fops could be known by brilliant coloured waistcoats, and gay edgings loaded with buttons. Not a few here and there were in this attire, but all; they were Calabrians in perfection."

And this is the story; and Mamma's very natural decision thereon:

"She was the wife of a peasant, and during his absence received frequent visits from a neighbour.

"Her little girl of ten years old was unwittingly present at one of these interviews, and said, 'I shall tell papa, when he comes back, how kind that forester is to you, dear mamma.'

"The pair exchanged glances.

"Go, my darling," she said, "and heat the large stove to bake some bread ready for papa."

"I have."

"Go again, and make it hotter, that papa's bread may be brown."

"Oh! mamma, it's red-hot now."

"Come down, then, and help me to bake."

"She seized her daughter by the heels, and threw her in!

"After some hours the peasant-husband returned.

"I smell something burning," said he.

"'Tis but the meat preparing for your supper."

"Meat, flesh—it appears to me like human flesh—WHERE IS NINA?"

"A shot through his head was her reply.

"His wife had seized his gun and fired; then donning his clothes, she joined the brigand band with the forester. This only occurred last July.

"The reciter of the tragedy was himself tragic in appearance, dressed almost as a peasant, and with rolling eyes of wildest Calabrian expression; despite his kindnesses, Mamma was always afraid of him; which fear was not decreased by his saying, in a state of excitement, 'there were people whose blood he could drink.' The following evening I foolishly asked him to recite us some story still more horrible, as if that were possible; but he actually began one so dreadful

we could not listen to it, and which had only happened the week before.

"What with the earthquakes, the female-robber, and the fear of offending our friend with the rolling eyes, Mamma began to think we had been long enough in the country, and had better float away by the next steamer."

The steamer came at last; the whole place turned out to launch their boat; and with heavy hearts they quitted wild and warm Calabria, where they had met with such universal kindness, that the very inn-keepers made no charge, and were content with whatever they chose to give them. And then, dancing over the bright blue waves, they reached Naples, "landed, drove to an hotel, took their places amidst civilised people, and felt there was such a thing as living without being adored."

At Naples their landlord makes an unsuccessful attempt to cheat them; so they go to Portici, where they find lodgings in a pretty little white cottage tenanted by a father and two young coquettish daughters; a duenna is appointed to guard these daughters, and her whole time is taken up in preventing their flirtations from the windows with the passing railway and custom-house officials. But in spite of her watchfulness, Nanetta did once manage to throw a carnation through the Venetian blind, saying coyly; "Avete qualche cosa per me?" It was Nanetta too, who got the rusty old master, engaged to teach them "the humanities," to write a letter from her dictation to her absent lover. But excepting a melo-dramatic story quoted from hearsay, Naples and Portici seem tame after Etna and Calabria; and the fair authoress soon brings her book to a close—leaving on her readers the most pleasant impressions of her travelling and conversational powers, with a genuine admiration of her capacity and character. We hope we shall soon meet her again; doing her womanly battle with prejudice and cowardice as gaily and merrily and innocently as ever.

Journal of My Life during the French Revolution. By Grace Dalrymple Elliot. (Bentley.)

No less a man than Shakspeare has engrafted upon our language the proverbial expression, "tedious as a twice-told tale." What, then, would logical calculation lead us to expect from a tale a hundred times, nay, a thousand times told? Yet there are some tales of history, with the recital of which curiosity is never wearied. The most prominent of these is the tale of the French Revolution; we mean the French Revolution: by italicising emphasis it can alone be distinguished; the Fronde and the League claim precedence as revolutions; it was not the first, it was not the last; it has left the world "a glass that shows us many more." If few remain who personally witnessed its fearful struggles and felt its horrors, there is still a large generation who at their mothers' knees mingled in their little minds the French Revolution with the ogre of a fairy tale, and may yet involuntarily shudder at the sight of the words "*République Française*." And there is a wholly new generation of readers, whose hearts cannot fail to beat in perusing episodes of that wild and bloody romance, which shook in the vividness of actuality the minds of their immediate forefathers, and which has not yet so far receded into the doubtful gloom of far-gone history as to lose its sharply-defined distinctness of reality.

It is thus that a vast amount of interest may still be attached to the posthumous memoir of Mrs. Elliot's life in Paris during the earlier days of the Revolution and amidst those fearful events of the "Time of Terror," of which she was not only an immediate witness, but herself a victim. The book has, at the same time, the advantage of not attempting to dwell upon the well-known historical facts of a period of history so often narrated. It contains merely a simple account of the personal adventures of a lady whom circumstances flung into the whirlpool of the times, who was hurried from one scene of fearful excitement to another, who for many a long day dwelt in the valley of the shadow of death. For vividness of interest in this respect, we know of few books relating to this eventful period which so greatly rivet the attention; few where all the horrors of man's daily life at such an epoch are set forth with such a startling force of reality. This peculiar impression the book probably owes to its merit of natural simplicity. It has all the air of being what it professes to be—the truthful record of a woman's adventures, written, with each scene still strongly clinging to memory, by a woman's pen.

In saying this, we admit that we accept, without attempting any very rigid examination, the genuineness of the memoirs. Without the feeling of reliance on complete truthfulness, the book would lose a great proportion of its charm. We might read it as another exciting romance, not without its power to absorb our attention; but we should lose that primary motive for interest, which carries us on from page to page through scenes so life-like in their intensity of excitement. Unfortunately, the strangely equivocal position in which Mrs. Elliot was placed, is apt to raise doubts as to the accuracy of some of her statements, especially as regards her relations with the court; and on the other hand, there is a want of distinctness about the origin attributed to the compilation of the memoirs—namely, that they were written to satisfy the curiosity of King George III., who, through his physician, Mr. (afterwards Sir David) Dundas, had heard scraps of the lady's strange history,—and the subsequent disposition of papers so valuable in very many points of view, which leaves a vague feeling of scepticism on the reader's mind. Swayed as our own mind has been, however, by the apparent truthfulness of a narrative so natural and so vivid in the scenes it describes, we own ourselves wholly biassed in favour of its genuine authenticity.

Such a "thrilling sensation" do the "startling situations," the "striking effects," the "palpitating interest," and all the other qualities usually ascribed by newspaper criticism to exciting dramas or romantic novels exercise on the reader's mind, that his difficulty must be to persuade himself that he is not reading a powerful fiction; and were it not for the preface, which tells of the lady writing her memoirs to Royal command, safe and sound in England, there are probably few, who would not be borne along on the torrent of the narrative, with the intensest curiosity to discover at the conclusion of what might be read as a diary, whether the persecuted heroine was led to execution like so many other victims, or ultimately saved. Of this nature are the pages detailing with graphic simplicity her escape from Paris, during the scenes of terror, by a breach in the city wall; her night tramp to her country house

at Meudon; her return with difficulty on an act of charity; her efforts to assist the escape of M. de Chansonets, the Governor of the Tuileries; the adventures and narrow escapes from detection of the two wanderers; the scenes of the domiciliary visits, when the hunted royalist lay nearly dead beneath a mattress; the lady's subsequent success in effecting the evasion of the fugitive; her own arrest and trial, from the discovery of a letter addressed to Charles Fox; her acquittal after scenes of constantly conflicting alternations of hope and fear; her arrest once more upon new and frivolous accusations; her escape and recapture; her final commitment to the prison of Versailles and subsequent transfer to Paris; the various complicated incidents of prison life, and the episodic scenes connected with her fellow prisoners, such as General Hoche, the Custines, and the Beauharnais, one of the most affecting of which may be found in the farewell of Josephine (subsequently the Empress) and her ill-fated first husband. So carried away is the reader by the exciting interest of all these incidents, so seemingly true and lifelike, that he at last breathes more freely, as if relieved from an oppressive nightmare, when he finds that his heroine is rescued from imminent death by the fall of Robespierre, when another morning's dawn might have seen her mount the scaffold.

Although certain confused relations are established between Mrs. Elliot and the court, and she indeed appears to have accepted a private mission from Marie Antoinette to Brussels, the purport of which does not altogether clearly transpire; although a connexion is thus traced, here and there, between the writer and the more eminent historical personages and events of the time; yet, in an historical point of view, it is her appreciation of the character of the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) with whom she appears to have been on intimate terms of friendship, which will chiefly attract attention. For this misguided man she seems to have possessed a great attachment; and she endeavours throughout to explain and palliate his errors, until his "crime" of voting for the death of the King alienates her last lingering hold of friendship. She describes him as a mere "man of pleasure," "the most unfit man that ever existed to be set up as a chief of a great faction," for which elevation "neither his mind, his abilities, nor indeed his education fitted him," but "surrounded by ambitious men, who led him to their purpose by degrees, representing everything to him in a favourable light, and hurrying him on till he was so much in their power that he could not recede," and afterwards left him "in the hands of those miscreants, whom they placed about him, who brought others with them like themselves, until they succeeded in his total ruin and dishonour." Her feelings upon this subject, and her frequent interviews with the Duke, whom she in vain endeavours to turn away from the course he is pursuing, offer, as an historical appreciation of a very eminent personage, however biassed by friendly views, some of the greatest points of graver interest in the book. Her exculpation of the unhappy man, (as far as it goes,) is chiefly based upon the obstinacy of the King to drive his relation from his presence and load him with contumely, when a contrary course might have conciliated a friend. She utterly repudiates treasonable views on the part of the Duke. She is convinced from the bottom of her

soul that "he never thought or intended to go the length he did:" and the impulse that hurried him onward in that revolutionary career, which terminated on the scaffold, she attributes almost entirely to the influence of the man whom she designates as "the monster Lafayette." Her last interview with him, when she endeavours to persuade him to connive at the escape of M. de Chansonets, is an episodic scene in a living historical drama full of truth of nature, exhibiting a remarkable picture of the mind of a weak man, driven on by the sway of circumstances to the destruction of all around him. There is a truthfulness impressed upon all these incidents of the narrative, indeed upon all the circumstances connected with the Duke of Orleans, which seems beyond the power of art.

Among other historical episodes which are novel, at least to ourselves, we may cite the scene at the Comédie Italienne, when the Queen appeared for the last time in public, and the performance was interrupted by a rush of Jacobins on the stage in order to tear to pieces Madame Dugazon, the singer, for having looked pointedly at the Queen in saying the words "*Ah! comme j'aime ma maîtresse!*" Little known also to the general reader are the circumstances of the Belgian revolution of the period, and the struggles between the Vandernottist and Vonckist factions, in which the writer finds herself involved during her journey to Brussels (Chapter II.); and the details she gives upon the subject are replete with information. With so many elements of far more than usual interest, it is impossible for a book like this not to attract and enthrall a vast number of readers.

Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life. By Edward Fitzball, Esq. (Newby.)

NEVER were the rigours of criticism deprecated with more unaffected simple-mindedness than by the author in his preface to this book. "I cannot apprehend," he says, "that the enlightened reviewer of the present day will attempt to crush this truthful work on any tortuous wheel." Far be it from us to have one thought of attempting to crush any book in which an author displays so much genuine unalloyed truthfulness of feeling and unadulterated sincerity of purpose; and, in this instance, no critic, not utterly callous, could be otherwise than touched by the almost boyish naïveté with which a worthy and most estimable man has set before the public his early struggles, his hopes and fears, his disappointments and successes, his susceptibilities, his heart-burnings, and his fresh, unaffected delight at winning praise and fame. The unmistakably genuine sincerity has every title to our respect, even when it occasionally calls up a smile. The author, however, himself tells us that his book is, "after all, but a broken string of unpretending facts and anecdotes for the information and entertainment of such as take a more than common interest in stage affairs;" and it is precisely in this light that it must be regarded. Although a general reading public must always take an interest in the career of an upright man, now struggling with the reverses of a precarious calling, now in the heyday of his popularity, but always single-minded and true, yet it is chiefly to those who more particularly direct their attention to the stage, that he must look for readers.

Apart from Mr. Fitzball's pleasant account of his childhood, his boyish aspirations towards the imaginative and the poetical, his first attempt at dramatic authorship at the early age of twelve, his determination to be independent of his family and become a printer, his longing for dramatic fame, his youthful loves and marriage with one whose name is constantly mentioned with the utmost love and reverence throughout the volumes, and his day-dreamings in the picturesque old city of Norwich—all which matters are treated with a wonderful *naïveté*, that is not without its peculiar charm—he has written little more than a record of the theatrical annals of the last thirty years, during a life of indefatigable labour. It is not only in this point of view, however, that the book is a curious one. More curious still is the record, which he seems to have given unconsciously, of the change of public taste during this period. Endowed with an imaginative mind, fostered probably by romance-reading, the tendencies of Mr. Fitzball's fancy have been chiefly directed towards the wild, the romantic, the startling. With an instinctive appreciation of striking stage effects, matured by experience (although we must consider some of his earlier efforts, such as "The Floating Beacon," his best in point of construction), he gave scope to his natural love of the ultradramatic, and was the first melodrama writer of his day. But the melodrama, the romantic Easter spectacle, the supernatural play have grown to be things of the past. The public, in a more matter-of-fact age, has shown a growing taste for actualities, scenes of real life, or farcical caricatures of modern days.

If we may judge by the author's own expressions, however, it is chiefly as a writer of opera libretto that he claims to take his stand: and in this he is right. Coupled to such compositions as those of Balfe and Wallace, his poetry still may aspire to the hope of future fame in days when his dramas, with all their merits of imagination, fancy, romantic combination, bold situation, and excellently contrived stage effects, will slumber on their shelves or be revived only for the occasional delectation of more *naïf* and less exacting provincial audiences.

Whilst thus expressing our opinion that Mr. Fitzball has produced a book far from being without interest to readers who find pleasure in a simple autobiography that includes many elements of romance, and highly interesting to a more confined dramatic public, we beg his permission (in spite of his depreciation) to record a few—we will not say objections—but regrets. We regret that a want of proper revision should have allowed him to send to the press a book displaying so many mistakes, not only in orthography, and more especially in the spelling of well-known names (*ex. gr.*, we find Miss Helen Faucit on one page called Miss Ellen Faucett on another), but in matters of common notoriety, theatrical or otherwise. He tells us, as one instance among many, that he founded a drama on Miss Edgeworth's novel of "The Scottish Chiefs." He misquotes a well known phrase from *A Cure for the Heart-ache*, by attributing the words to Lord Stanley and not Sir Hubert. He speaks of Mrs. Keeley by her maiden name as Miss Goddard. More curiously than all, he gravely informs us that he derived the subject of *The Siege of Rochelle* from *Linda di Chai-*

mouni, instead of Madame de Genlis' well-known novel of the same name, when he himself (unless we are greatly mistaken) had already constructed a drama, produced in his early days at Norwich, under the title (we believe) of *Father and Daughter*, upon the very same subject.

Secondly, we may be allowed to regret that he should have wasted so much good writing upon the worn-out and (we trust) exploded cry of the "Decline of the Drama in England." He pays a charming complimentary tribute, it is true, without one sigh of rivalry, to living English dramatic writers. But surely he is utterly astray in speaking of witnessing empty benches to meritorious plays: and what can induce him to pen the words, "The insolvency of managers is an every-day drama," when the enormously profitable success of well-conducted theatrical establishments is notorious? We lament this all the more, as his remarks upon a model manager (vol. I., p. 259), who should not be a play-actor or a play-writer, but a *practical* man, "a well-informed man of business, endowed with some feeling, and a sufficiency of taste to know a good drama, that is, a drama likely to please the public, whether it please himself or not," are replete with good sense.

One more regret, and we have done. We do regret that in a genuine book of so much straightforward simplicity the author should have allowed his fondness for the melodramatic to lead him into fine language, often out of place and proportion as regards his subject. His narrative is a pleasant one. Why should it be compared (vol. II. p. 167) to a "smooth stream, down which as we glide, the lotus flower, the springing trout, and the purple and gold wing of the bounding king-fisher break away attention from the sleepy monotony of the current?" How on earth does he contrive (p. 184) to compare the "half-shades" of Mr. Sims Reeves's notes to "the finest vibration of a railway whistle, heard through the amber-scented mouthpiece of evening, twenty miles distant?" And surely the "high-priest of sylvan shrines and their chimerical rites" may be a devoted worshipper of pure nature without declaring that "chaos is come again," when he loves no longer "the forests and the glens, the dewy mornings and the starry nights." We are among those who would be the first to call forth "the violets from beneath the leaves;" but we care not for the violets that assume such very unnaturally gorgeous colouring. We can assure our readers, however, that these last two bunches of them are very pleasant *bouquets*, that waft a very genuine and agreeable odour around them.

Recollections of a Winter Campaign in India, in 1857—1858. With Drawings on Steel from the Author's Designs. By Capt. Oliver J. Jones, R.N. (Saunders & Otley.)

This is a book to lie on drawing-room tables. The style in which it is got up belongs to this season of the year. Binding, paper, type, and illustrations are alike elegant and tasteful. Its merits do not, however, lie exclusively on the outside. The author's narrative possesses that interest which, in spite of literary deficiencies, attaches to every simple and straightforward account of the impressions and experiences of an eyewitness and actor in important transactions. Captain Jones is more skilful, however, with his pencil than with his pen. His portraits of native originals, and his sketches of

various scenes of camp-life and incidents of the field of battle, give more vivid conceptions of men and things than pages even of good description would convey.

Captain Jones is the son of an old Peninsular officer, whose rapid promotion—he was a major-general at thirty-five—he contrasts rather pathetically with his own slow advancement in the sister service. He wielded against the Indian mutineers the sword "which his father had used in the retreat upon Corunna." When the rebellion broke out, failing in his application for active employment, he obtained from the Admiralty leave to travel for a year in India, and gallantly served as a volunteer in connection with the 53rd Regiment and the Naval Brigade. His narrative, though not without points of interest, is somewhat meagre. It contains good accounts of some of the engagements in which the author took part, which, in two instances, those of Kala Nuddee and Shumshabad, are made clearly intelligible to civilian apprehensions by carefully drawn plans of the actions. Captain Jones joined the encampment of the 53rd on the 25th of November, 1857, and remained with it during five months, when his wounds and generally enfeebled health compelled him to return to England. He enjoyed the friendship of the gallant and lamented Sir William Peel, and of Mr. Russell of *The Times*, and was once or twice brought into direct communication with Sir Colin Campbell; of all of whom, as of other less distinguished though scarcely less meritorious personages, he has something to say. We can only make room for one or two extracts:

"Captain Rowley Lambert, R.N., was also going down on his way home, which I was very sorry for, as being a fellow-creature, I had hoped to see much of him."

Captain Jones, no doubt, endorses the sentiment of Terence, at which a Roman "pit" once rose, "*Nihil humanum a me alienum puto.*" It is difficult to see, however, in what way the circumstance our author mentions as inclining him to Captain Lambert could give that gentleman any special interest for him. Captain Jones speaks in another place of the Naval Brigade as his "fellow creatures." We infer, therefore, that the term has a secondary and mystic meaning, expressive of professional endearment. Captain Jones relates a "good story" of the conduct of two of the Naval Brigade, on sentry duty at Allahabad:

"One who was on sentry on the main works of the fort by moonlight, looking over the parapet, saw another who was sentry on the ravelin, or some outwork. Now Jack, though he could tell the head from the stern of a ship, and perhaps of a horse, had not passed a competitive examination before his admission into the service, and no doubt his education in fortification and engineering had been sadly neglected, and therefore he was not aware that the outwork was not part of the fortification which he was so vigilantly guarding, and seeing a man walk up and down outside of what he considered the fort, and of course his head being full of spies, lurking Sepoys, &c. &c., challenged him. The sentry on the outwork not imagining that it was he who was the subject of his messmate's anxious inquiries, held his peace, upon which Jack in the fort let drive at Jack on the outwork."

"The outwork Jack, a little taken aback by the musket ball whizzing near his head, sung out, 'Hallo! that's your game is it, my buck! Here's let drive at you then!' and immediately returned the fire. On their being relieved and taken to the guard-house, all that passed between them was, 'Well, I'm blowed, Jack, but we are mortal bad shots, we are.'"

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Council has assembled at the Bedford. A large attendance of Members. A phenomenon requiring explanation is beheld. There is a truly elegant and elaborate dessert, with an array of flowers, on the table, while the weed from Virginia can nowhere be detected. One of Rimmel's table fountains of ruby glass is casting up a fragrant thread of Eau de Cologne. Three bouquets are visible, and this fact leads up to the required explanation. At THE EDITOR'S right is seen MRS. PROFESSOR; beside the gallant soldier sits MRS. DROOPER; and THE MANDARIN is talking the most elaborated nothingness to MRS. STOKE, to whom, although she is an advanced matron (while MRS. PROFESSOR is a handsome brown party, and MRS. DROOPER is a pretty little blonde), the young man's worldly sagacity has led him to pay the most distinguished attentions. THE O'DONNEGAN, superbly attired in a blue coat, and with three large green glass studs in his clean shirt front, is perfectly rotatory in his assiduous politeness.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Ladies, my benighted friends here have sometimes called this bottle the sun of our table—a sentiment in which I never joined the heathens; but what do they say now, with three suns sparkling their beneficent rays upon us? I give ye my honour 'tis the proudest moment of my life.

MRS. PROFESSOR (smiling).

But I thought it was understood that nothing pretty was to be said to us. I am sure that we should not have accepted the invitation if we had thought you meant to put yourselves out of the way.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Ah! now, that is so severely sarcastic, Madam. The involuntary homage which gratitude lays at your feet should not be derided.

THE MANDARIN.

It seems to me that Mrs. Oakleigh's protest is a perfectly just reproof. I appeal to Mrs. Stoke whether I have not been talking in the most sensible manner, and without the slightest effort to make myself agreeable.

MRS. STOKE (graciously).

And have succeeded without an effort.

THE COLONEL.

I have forgotten myself so far as to have been just explaining to Mrs. Drooper the new principle of discharging cannon.

MRS. DROOPER.

It is most interesting, and I am sure I understand it perfectly. Boddy, dear (to her dramatic husband, whose name is Ichabod), do you think it could be applied to your pieces, and make them go off better? (A general laugh.)

MR. DROOPER (calmly).

Causes produce effects. That poke is change for my having suggested that we might as well come here in a cab as in a brougham.

THE BARONET.

And quite right that you should be punished for such a suggestion. Nobody, and least of all a lady who has children, is safe in a cab. I saw one that had just deposited three scarlet fever patients at the hospital, go and draw up in the rank at Knightsbridge last Tuesday, and presently a materfamilias and three little girls got into it. I hope they are out of danger by this time.

MRS. DROOPER (having turned pale).

O, how wicked! I am sure that driver deserves to be hanged.

THE PROFESSOR.

There must be an average of scarlet fever cases, and therefore the question how they are caused is comparatively unimportant.

MRS. PROFESSOR (severely).

Alfred! (He covers, and she gradually softens.) You know you don't mean it, but men think it intellectual to pretend to speak calmly about the most dreadful things.

MRS. STOKE.

I dare say that he would run from Hampstead to Whitechapel in his slippers, in the middle of the night, if anything were the matter with his own baby, and you thought any good could be done by his going.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

I assure you he would. I remember when little Maria—

THE PROFESSOR (not particularly delighted with the line of defence.)

Talking of shocking things (attention from the ladies), I quite agree with the writer of the Times article on Dean Close and the pantomimes, that these spectacles are not only harmless, but produce very great benefit to children.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

Well, you have got us only one box since—

THE PROFESSOR.

My dear, that is irrelevant. I was going to say that you do a child a great and real kindness in letting him see one of those beautiful scenes, Beverley's for instance, in which everything that is full of brightness, and rich colour, and graceful form, is brought together in magical fashion, and where effect after effect is disclosed, until the eye and the mind are perfectly saturated with delight. You entrance him at the time, you give him material for recollection, and you furnish him with the most delicious dreams of glories and lovelinesses. A parson, or anybody else, who says that this is injurious to a child simply talks ineffable nonsense. You have given a harmless stimulus to an innocent imagination, and you have thereby largely increased his chance of happiness.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

Therefore I hope that you will write to Mr. Buckstone for a box on—

THE PROFESSOR.

My dear, allow me. But I do think that the burning other people's children is a most objectionable price to pay for pleasing your own. There are the holidays not over, and two poor girls have already been burned to death in the discharge of their pantomime duties.

MR. DROOPER.

Yes, that is true. At one theatre poor Columbine—that was Annie Fowler—gyrated from her lover's arms into the flames, and is dead, and a little fairy, Emily Harlow, at another, was almost burnt to death before the audience, but just lived to finish her nine years of life in the hospital.

THE PROFESSOR.

And later still, another case has occurred, a *Coryphée*, Amy Munro, caught fire in the opening scene—she has been much burned, but may recover.

MRS. STOKE.

It is perfectly horrible. I shall never see a spectacle again in comfort. I thought we were told that there was an easy way of making the dresses fire-proof.

THE PROFESSOR.

So there is, and everybody ought to know it. A dress that has been soaked in a solution of chloride of zinc is as fireproof as an asbestos nightgown. There is neither difficulty nor expense in the matter, a pound of the chloride to ten pints of water is about the proportion, and a hundredweight of the chloride, enough to effect a life assurance on a whole company for a season, may be bought for fifty shillings. There is no excuse for such an accident. There is as much neglect of proper precautions where this occurs as there would be in omitting signals upon a railway.

MR. TEMPLE.

Why don't the sufferer's friends try an action? Whose business is it to see to such precautions

THE PROFESSOR.

I suppose that, like a good many other things, it is nobody's business. I should go with much more pleasure to the theatre, if I read on the bills the manager's announcement that all his girls' dresses had been made safe. I shall suggest it.

THE EDITOR.

Do, and let us pass from a painful subject, if we can do no good by discussing it further. Do you see that in the Italian theatres the audiences are forbidden to cry *Viva Verdi*!

MRS. PROFESSOR.

Quite right. Nobody ought to applaud a composer who writes bad music, and spoils good voices to have it sung.

MRS. DROOPER.

O! but the *Travatore* is sweetly pretty. O yes.

THE EDITOR.

Yes, but Signor Verdi's own merits have nothing to do with the matter. "Letters five do form his name," and those letters are the initials of a sentence supposed to be in the minds of the men who shout the word so enthusiastically. The sentence is, "Victor Emanuel, Rè D'Italia." There must be no *viva* for that supposititious personage.

MR. DROOPER.

Excellent. I wonder whether, if I stood under Her Majesty's box at Covent Garden here during *Satanella*, and cried out for Mr. Balfé, I should be taken into custody, as meaning "Bright And Liberty For Ever!"

MR. TEMPLE.

Or for shouting "*Mellon*," in applause of his admirable conducting, as one might mean "More Electoral Liberty—Less Oligarchical Nuisances."

THE BARONET.

Mr. Bright, by the way, holds a great meeting at Bradford next Monday, when, as he informs us in his organ, he means to explain what disfranchisements he purposes, and how the seats thus gained are to be distributed. His politics are not mine; but I consider this frankness to be both bold and politic.

MR. DROOPER.

Disfranchisement, my dear Polly, means—

MRS. DROOPER.

Be quiet, sir. I understand it quite well.

THE BARONET.

And I understand the hint; but I don't apologise for talking politics, because I thought the ladies came to see how we go on, and to be sure that our Council is not a mere excuse for meeting to drink Mrs. Warner's excellent claret, whereof I will thank the Colonel to send me that bottle.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

I assure you that we hope you will entirely forget our presence.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Ah! now, it was always the one fault of the darling sex that they insist upon asking impossibilities.

THE EDITOR.

I have got a curious letter which nobody in England has yet seen. It is addressed by Walter Savage Landor to the Marquis of Normanby. Would you like to hear it?

THE PROFESSOR.

Very much. I suppose that it is not necessary to refer to the cloud that has darkened the last portion of Landor's life.

THE EDITOR.

Pass for the past. It is but slightly connected with the incident Mr. Landor writes about. I believe that he and Lord Normanby used to be most intimate, and when the latter was Viceroy, and came over to England for a couple of days, on parliamentary business, Mr. Landor only was invited to dine with him. They were, in short, great friends. But when they met in Florence at the end of last year, the Marquis deemed it proper to abstain from

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noticing his old ally. Everybody whom his lordship knows in Italy is so perfectly pure and immaculate that it would have been a fearful shock to Florentine society, had Lord Normanby bowed to the aged poet, upon whom there rested a certain slur.

THE BARONET.

That the author of "Matilda," should live to out the author of "Pericles and Aspasia!"

THE EDITOR.

One would prefer to believe that Landor was deceived, and that no intentional slight was offered; for in answer to the letter I am going to read you, the Marquis wrote. But the indignant poet returned the epistle unopened. Here is his own:—

"December 30.

"My Lord,—Now I am recovering from an illness of several months' duration, aggravated no little by your lordship's rude reception of me at the Casino, in presence of my family and of numerous Florentines, I must remind you, in the gentlest terms, of the occurrence.

"It was the only personal indignity I ever received. We are old men, my lord, and verging on decrepitude and imbecility; else my note might be more emphatic.

"Do not imagine I am unobservant of distinctions. You, by the favour of a Minister, are Marquis of Normanby; I, by the grace of God, am

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

THE BARONET.

The old lion can still be roused.

THE EDITOR.

And never let it be forgotten what magnificent war-notes he has thundered out in his time. Perish out of memory the wretched error of a few months, and remember that sixty years of the life of a scholar and of a gentleman have been devoted to the enriching English literature with the treasures of classical thought, ennobled and refined by the treatment of a true poet. That he fought for liberty when it was little the fashion to draw a sword for her, and that when the battle was won, he took no spoil to his share. That as critic and as moralist he dealt fearlessly and loftily with the works and deeds of men, and that the tenderness of his regard for woman, and the delicacy with which he touched on the sensations that make her kingdom and her happiness, were exemplified at a time when half our poets were in abstractions, and the other half in sensualities. (To the ladies.) We don't make these long speeches, generally, I assure you, but —

MRS. STOKES.

Never apologise to a woman for being in earnest.

THE EDITOR.

And I am in earnest about Landor, whose treatment by the nation for whom he has done so much, seems to me a national disgrace. Many of those who have written against him have done so in complete and self-complacent ignorance of half a century of his life; but others have not that excuse for joining in a vulgar outcry, and treating one error, committed in the decay of faculty, as blotting out a whole life of chivalry and courtesy. Mrs. Drooper, those are not real cherries, but little bottles of perfume.

MRS. DROOPER.

Ah, how pretty. Boddy, there was a time when you would have been the first to show me any new thing of this kind, but now you never bring me anything—

MR. DROOPER.

My dear Polly, do you mistake this place for the Divorce Court? Pray reserve your allegations for another tribunal. Else I might say something about cookery.

MRS. PROFESSOR (with unexpected energy).

And I might say something about cookery and divorce courts too, and what's more, I will. I only wonder that what has been printed in one place and another, for the last fortnight, about eating and drinking, has not called out some woman to write as indignantly as I feel about it, only I can't write strongly.

THE PROFESSOR.

My love, you do yourself much injustice, as

many letters, which I treasure as the apple of my eye, and which imperatively invite me to return from, or to remit to British watering-places, can testify.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

Alfred! (In continuation.) I say that while columns on columns of the papers are given up, and very rightly, to the most heartrending accounts of hundreds of little children crouching in hunger and darkness, and dirt and cold, of a mother seeing her baby, "with a face like a bat's," dying of starvation, and with evidence that thousands of poor creatures cry with gratitude at getting a board to sleep on, a crust of dry bread, and a cup of cold water—while this, I say, is being brought before us morning, noon, and night, educated gentlemen are found whining and wailing because the richest and the best cookery, and the finest wines, don't satisfy them, and they want flowers and playthings on their tables, like children who must be amused during their meals.

MRS. DROOPER.

Quite right, Mrs. Oakleigh. It is shocking. A man describes all the best things that, in a rational way, can be put on his table, and then complains that he has no appetite, and wants more delicacies. Are there no poor in his neighbourhood? Let him make a round of visits to them, and the walking will give him an appetite, if the sight of their misery don't take it away.

MRS. STOKES.

You younger ladies speak more energetically than I do, but I assure you that I entirely agree with you, and that the contempt—I hope it is not wrong—that I feel for grown-up men with hearts and heads, who can play the sybarite while thousands are perishing, is something so bitter that I fear it must be wrong.

MR. STOKES.

Quite, my dear, and it arises from a feminine, that is, an imperfect, comprehension of the subject.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

Feminine it may be, Mr. Stokes, but I believe it to be right, and what I have been hoping is that some woman with a pen like Mrs. Norton's, or Mrs. Jameson's, would speak boldly out, and say, in Heaven's name, give us women our right of divorce, and our right of voting, and our independent action; for I am sure never did women cover themselves with such ridiculous disgrace and shame, or show themselves so unmindful of their duties as members of society, as men have done.

MR. DROOPER.

I always told you that it would be a mistake to invite ladies to this meeting.

THE EDITOR.

Deducting your rudeness, which I hope will be avenged elsewhere (Mrs. D. nods), I see no mistake. You have heard what thousands of women do feel on the subject; and though of course they are entirely mistaken—send on the wine, Colonel, please,—we are bound to respect their feelings.

THE PROFESSOR.

Woman is incapable of being grateful. She can love, and she can hate, but the lofty sentiment of gratitude is above her. Still, when we have tried to set before her a banquet which I must say, though a host, has been an excellent one—

MRS. PROFESSOR.

Don't talk such nonsense. We would much rather that you had given us a plain dinner, and sent the difference in the expense to the Refuge for the Homeless.

THE PROFESSOR.

I will not dare to doubt you, my dear, and will to-morrow send to that admirable institution the price of the tickets I was about to purchase for you for Miss Arabella Goddard's Concert.

MRS. PROFESSOR (slowly, and with intense meaning).

Yes, you'd better. (The subject drops.)

MRS. STOKES.

I am sure that we shall like to come again. Do you keep the party to the same number, always!

THE O'DONNAGAN.

To-day, madam, we are twelve, that is, to the number of the Muses we have not only added the number of the Graces, but the Graces themselves.

THE MANDARIN (apologetically).

He thinks such things acceptable. Pray forgive him. It does not hurt you; at least not much, and makes him so happy.

MRS. DROOPER.

I'm sure it's a comfort to know that compliments are not extinct. I know I never get any at home.

MR. DROOPER.

What a good horse my imaginary cabman must have had. The cab is still running in somebody's mind.

THE EDITOR.

Our congregation, as a rule, Mrs. Stokes, is the exact number of that which attends the ministrations of the excellent rector of the united parishes of St. Mildred's, Broad Street, and St. Margaret Moses, as just certified to his diocesan, namely, ten.

THE PROFESSOR.

A good many of Queen Anne's fifty churches (not that fifty were built, by the way) may as well be got rid of, and substitution made where churches are wanted. I wish they would abolish all church bells in London.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

Alfred, how can you be so wicked!

MR. TEMPLE.

I join in that prayer. A special nuisance is the bell they toll. There is one in St. Clement Danes, of great power; and as there are a good many people in the parish, there is usually an hour or two of that abominable noise, which, if the wind is at all westerly, comes all over the Temple. What right have sextons and fellows to worry me for two hours because Snoggins or Buggins is going to be buried. If they think they obtain my devotions in favour of the deceased, I can tell them that it is quite the other way; and it may be as well for testators to know this, and to order that the bell shall not be tolled for them.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

O, Mr. Temple, you are as wicked as Alfred! Pray don't go on like that. Are there any sights in London that we ought to go to see, any books that ought to be bought for us, any pictures that ought to be sent us as presents?

MR. STOKES.

I hope that the Ten are too true to one another to answer such insidious inquiries. Dismiss the subject with a general negative—we'll go into detail next week.

THE MANDARIN.

Did you ever see Parliament opened, Mrs. Stokes?

MRS. STOKES.

I have seen the procession through the Park.

THE MANDARIN (artful wretch).

But you ought to see the operation in the House of Lords, which upon that occasion only seems to have been built for a purpose. Between the real splendour of the scene, and the historical—a—a—associations of the ceremony, it is certainly the most interesting thing going. What with the throne, the costumes, the red draperies, the trumpeters, and the solemn procession, the whole affair is like a bit of one of Shakspeare's plays put into actual life. Now, the third of February is the day; and, if you will allow me to get you a ticket, and to see that you have a good place—

MRS. STOKES (not meaning it in the least).

I should feel that I was excluding some younger and prettier person, who perhaps ought to enjoy the advantage of your kindness—

THE MANDARIN (conscious that he would much rather have given the card to L—A—, but considering that he is doing a wiser thing).

Nothing could give me more pleasure than introducing you to the House. I assure you that you do me a favour in accepting. And the session about to begin will be a very stormy one, and it will be something to have been at the inauguration. That is settled. I will let you know about the time.

MRS. STOKE.

Come and dine quietly with us on the second, and then we can settle it all. There will be nobody but my nieces, mind.

THE MANDARIN (who knows all about the young ladies and their expectations).

I shall be delighted.

MRS. DROOPER.

Boddy, you never took me to see the sight.

MR. DROOPER.

It would not impress you, my dear. You have not studied your country's history sufficiently to be interested in constitutional ceremonies, but I have taken you to hear the Christy Minstrels—you can't deny that.

MRS. PROFESSOR.

I have seen the ceremony, and I think it most imposing.

THE PROFESSOR.

Had I the happiness of taking you, my dear? I don't remember it.

MRS. PROFESSOR (from an abyss of recollections).

You, Alfred? No. It was in days when I imagined that a more proper value was set upon me than I now sometimes think is the case. But no matter. (Emerges from the abyss, and takes some candied ginger.)

[The waiter announces Mrs. Stoke's carriage, and also Mrs. Drooper's, and the latter lady looks a little self-satisfied that she and the rich lady are on equal terms. Whereat remarks, gently,]

MRS. PROFESSOR.

We came in a cab, and must go home in one. I make no secret of the fact that the Professor's income is limited, and that we have a family that forbids our indulging in superfluous expenses.

[MR. DROOPER (like a brute) silently enjoys this as he leads his wife to her hired brougham, but probably has less cause for enjoyment during the drive home. MR. and MRS. STOKE depart, with a reminder to THE MANDARIN, and shortly afterwards THE PROFESSOR and his wife go away in a cab.]

THE MANDARIN (of all people).

I say. If this sort of thing is to be done often, I shall leave the Council. (Lights a cigar.) It's a nuisance, and that's all about it. What do you ask 'em here for?

THE COLONEL.

Pretty little woman that by me—deuced silly.

MR. TEMPLE.

I say, that she-Professor's clack! Poor Oakleigh!

THE BARONET.

And why the devil does Mrs. Drooper wear her foolish hair with those —

[But in the interest of humanity let a veil be drawn over inhospitality.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AN appeal to the generosity of the public on behalf of such a man as Lord Brougham would produce a response perfectly unprecedented, if Lord Brougham were unhappily in circumstances to need it. What then should be the effect of an appeal, not to the generosity, but to the justice of the people of England, on behalf of a character so eminent and so popular? At least it ought to produce this small effect—that such a man should not suffer in any way, and least of all financially,

through the services he has been the means of rendering to the people of England. Many persons were surprised in the early part of the week by the appearance of the following circular in the leading columns of the *Times*:

"In the year 1823 the London Mechanics' Institute was established by Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck.

"This institution, the first of its kind, has been the parent of more than 600 similar establishments now in existence, and its founder has therefore a peculiar claim on the liberality of all friends of education.

"The premises required for the purposes of the Institute were donated to Lord Brougham and others for a term of 146 years, at an annual rent of 229l.

"For thirty years the voluntary contributions of the public and annual payments by the members enabled the Institute to meet all its expenses; but for the last three years and upwards the receipts have been insufficient, and the rent and dilapidations have fallen altogether upon the lessees, now reduced to two, the representatives of the deceased lessees not being liable in any way.

"In the event of Lord Brougham's co-lessee, who is of advanced age and in bad health, dying before him, the whole future responsibility would fall upon Lord Brougham alone, and he, under the terms of the lease, can only be entirely relieved by purchasing the lease at a sum of 3500l.

"But it has been ascertained that if 2000l. could be raised at once arrangements might be made with the lessor not only to free Lord Brougham from all future liability, but to enable the London Mechanics' Institute to continue its useful labours.

"It has occurred to Lord Murray and other friends of Lord Brougham, considering the great public services he has performed (more especially in the cause of education), and the heavy expenses he has already incurred, that he is fully entitled to be protected from further pecuniary loss; and you are therefore called upon to join in contributing whatever sum you feel disposed to give for this purpose, in order that 2000l. may be now raised, to be applied by some friends who have kindly undertaken this part of the arrangement in the purchase, for 3500l., of the remaining term of the lease.

"Your contributions may be paid in to Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., 1, Pall Mall East, 'To the account of the London Mechanics' Institute, on behalf of Lord Brougham.'

"London, Nov., 1859."

To this plain statement we can add nothing; but we shall have misunderstood the character of our countrymen very greatly, if they fail to accomplish the double purpose of relieving Lord Brougham from his liability and of enabling the London Mechanics Institute to continue in operation. What is 2000l. compared with such objects? It is perfectly insignificant. If the circumstances had occurred in Manchester, and the case was made known in the Mayor's parlour, or in the Free Trade Hall, double the amount would have been raised any day in less than half an hour. Indeed, if the present effort happens to fail in the metropolis, which we can hardly anticipate, let the experiment be tried in Manchester; for there Lord Brougham's unrivalled services in the cause of cheap literature and popular education are perhaps more widely appreciated than in any other town in England. At present, the only amount worth naming, publicly promised on this behalf, is 100l. from Earl Fortescue.

Arising out of this case, Mechanics Institutes have been a topic of attack and defence by correspondents of the leading journal. "Spectator" has assumed their failure; at least he contends they are not appreciated by the "working man." On the other hand, the Rev. C. Mackenzie has published a warm and kindly vindication of them, showing by the results of experience at Manchester and in Crosby Hall, that "Spectator" is ill-informed, and that such establishments deserve the help of the public "if the well being of a city is to be effected by the proper training of its youth."

The following has been put into our hands respecting Caxton, the first English printer:

Although it is almost unanimously conceded that to Caxton are we indebted for the establishment of the first printing-press in this country, up to the present period, incredible as it may appear, there is no national testimonial to the memory of one who has deserved so well of posterity. True it is that the Roxburgh club, under the presidency of the late Earl Spencer, erected a tablet in Westminster Abbey, in remembrance of Caxton, "as one to whom the literature of this country is so largely indebted," but this memorial is but the homage of a few patrons of literature to departed worth, and cannot be regarded as the expression of a nation's gratitude.

Within a comparatively recent period an endeavour was made by certain noblemen and gentlemen connected with literature to remove the stigma which has so long attached to this country. A committee, having for its object the erection of a monument in every respect worthy of the eminent individual whose important

services it was intended to perpetuate, was formed. Notwithstanding the most urgent appeals to the community at large in its behalf, this laudable undertaking failed to secure that sympathy and pecuniary support which its promoters might not unreasonably have anticipated. After no little exertion on the part of individual members of the committee to ensure the success of the object in view, it was at length hopelessly abandoned. Of the contributions which had been received, a balance, after defraying sundry expenses which had been incurred, of 184l. 4s. 2d. remained, which amount it was eventually resolved to transfer to that excellent institution, the Printers' Pension Society. With this sum, which has been augmented by the appropriation of upwards of 300l., the proceeds of the Society's annual festival held in 1857, an additional annuity, "as a memorial of the introduction of printing into this kingdom, and in honour of William Caxton," entitled the "CAXTON FUND," has been founded.

Sincerely as we may regret the unfavourable issue of such disinterested labours, it is satisfactory to find that the additional annuity, so wisely founded, will be an enduring memorial of the great printer. Marble is appropriate in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; but the having smoothed the downward path of the aged and the infirm is a more agreeable contemplation even than that of statues and monuments of the illustrious dead. In this case marble has been done and is doing its peculiar part; the other purpose, though the unwelcome result of a sore failure, is unquestionably the better of the two, while it is just possible that greater success may attend it, as we see the opportunity of subscribing to the fund is still open to the liberality of those who may be so inclined to apply a part of their means.

At the meeting of the Photographic Society, January 4, 1859, Mr. Poncey, of Dorchester, read a paper on his process of carbon printing, which has excited so much interest and curiosity. The paper is published at length, with Mr. Poncey's subsequent explanations in the *Photographic Journal*, of January 8. Referring to that for all details, we may state generally that Mr. Poncey's method consists in preparing the paper for printing on, by spreading over it by means of a hog's-hair brush, a mixture of finely powdered vegetable carbon, and equal parts of a saturated solution of bichromate of potash, and a common solution of gum arabic: the proportions being one drachm of the carbon to four drachms of each of the solutions. After it is dry the paper is ready for printing on by exposure in a printing-frame in the usual manner—the time of exposure being from four to five minutes in the sun, and from ten to fifteen in the shade, but varying according to season, character of negative, &c. In washing the picture it must lie under water for at least five or six hours, when the picture, of which previously scarcely a trace was perceptible, will become visible. The principal difference in the appearance between a carbon print and one prepared with silver being according to Mr. Poncey "that one may probably fade, while the other remains imperishable." This equality of appearance in carbon prints we cannot, as is said elsewhere, admit to be as yet attained—the imperishable character of the new process is a matter which chemists would do well to submit to a rigid scrutiny. On that really depends mainly the value of the process. It is now in the hands of chemists and photographers to test its claims, and to remove its imperfections. At present it can hardly be said to have had a fair trial, and the manner in which the inventor has been treated is scarcely creditable to fellow labourers in an infant art. It is too soon for photographers to begin quarrelling among themselves.

The scheme of the Crystal Palace Art-Union has been published, and specimens of the various articles offered for selection by the subscribers and prizeholders are now on view in the Sheffield Court. The distinguishing features of this Art-Union are that there are different classes of subscriptions of from one to five guineas, and that the objects offered for selection are works of ornamental art, statuettes, bronzes, and photographs. At present many of the articles to be offered for selection are only "under consideration" by the Council. When the choice is determined we may return to the subject, in order to notice the principles of the Society somewhat more specifically.

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A correspondent of *Galignani* urges that the centenary of the birth of Burns be celebrated at Paris. "Where," he says, "could there be a more appropriate place than Paris for a festival, where so many British and Americans reside, to say nothing of the French, many of whom are passionate admirers of Burns? There are several translations of his poems into French, and M. Remusat's beautiful essay in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (August, 1857), shows how much he is appreciated in the higher walks of French literature. Let some influential nobleman or gentleman take the lead, and a dinner party would soon be organised; and, moreover, ladies might be admitted at the after-part."

Much painful sensation has been occasioned at St. John's Wood through its becoming known that Mr. Adolphus Ackermann, the well-known book and print publisher, lately carrying on business in the Strand, had committed suicide. The deceased gentleman, since his retirement from business in the Strand, some months ago, had lived with his family in lodgings at 16, Blenheim Terrace, St. John's Wood. His circumstances were unfortunately such as to cause apparently a depression of spirits. Notwithstanding this, it does not seem that there was the least suspicion that he premeditated self-destruction; but on the morning of the distressing occurrence he was found lying partly undressed on his bed, in a lifeless state. A tumbler that had contained prussic acid was found near the deceased, from which he had drunk a quantity of that poison. A letter was also discovered in the deceased's room, dated as far back as December, in which he spoke of committing suicide, and said that he had previously taken laudanum, but failed in carrying out his suicidal intention. The deceased was in his fiftieth year.

We (*Bath Chronicle*) hear, with pleasure, that Samuel Lucas, Esq., formerly of Bristol, has been appointed Distributor of Stamps for the county of Derby. Mr. Lucas is well known in the literary world as the first editor of the *Press*, and the present literary critic of the *Times*.

Mr. Bentley's *Quarterly Review* is formally announced to appear on the 1st of March.

Mr. Barnum has arranged to deliver his Lecture on "Money making," on Thursday, the 20th inst., in St. James's Hall. This will be the fourth delivery.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 12th January.

As to the state of panic in which the Parisians are living at this moment, it is not to be described. To say they have no cause whatever for their fright would be assuredly saying too much; but I do believe it is in this case, as with the "servility" that M. Guizot says is "superior to despotism"—I believe the alarm is superior to its cause. That nothing will happen, no one can predict; that no outbreak in Italy will render necessary the interference of France, it is impossible to affirm: but that not one of all his stockbroking subjects is more frightened at the notion of a war than is His Majesty Napoleon III., is a most positively certain fact. As the *Times* said the other day, the imperial manager produces this piece or that on the political stage, and accordingly as the audience hisses or applauds, he either maintains or withdraws his spectacle. This time, there is no doubt that his announcement has met with small favour, and he has had recourse to every imaginable artifice to make people forget his diplomatic mistakes. But there is a fatality that is stronger than human intentions, and the current of events may soon run so high that empires may be swamped by it, and despots disappear before they have time to see how the catastrophe has occurred. It is quite evident that Louis Napoleon has been all along deceived as to the practicability of arousing the military ardour of this country. The army alone (and not even all its component parts) is anxious for disturbance out of doors; it is anxious for this for the most prosaic of all reasons, namely,

for the mere question of promotion and increase of pay. But in all France the military, only, look upon war with another sentiment than that of absolute horror. Everywhere out of the ranks of the army the bare idea is received with abhorrence. Louis Napoleon, I repeat it, has been all along deceived; he saw some twelve months ago an effervescence burst forth on all hands, and from all classes and opinions, and he thought this was a general turbulence of sentiment that he could guide as he chose, directing it at will from this object to that. No such thing: it was perfectly definite and exclusive in its object; it was the effervescence of a feeling pent up, but only the more violent—it was the effervescence of that hatred which is perhaps the last passion that this passionless worn-out race is capable of feeling—the strong deep hate of England. This feeling, and this one only, might, perhaps, at a given moment, so animate the French nation, that it would be possible to rush upon any enterprise, however rash, however insane. For the furtherance of a struggle with us, the last skin-flint of a village usurer in France as the first coquette in the land whose life is in her petticoats and cages, would give largely, madly—and the war cry against the "red-coats," would be echoed from one end of the country to the other with enthusiasm; but even this would not be long lived. The moment it came to be felt that war cost too dear, the excitement would fall to the ground, and the government that should have made it, be voted an insupportable one. Judge, then, what must be the repugnance with which war is regarded when there is no national passion awakened! Here has been the mistake: it was thought the irritation of France, which has never ceased against us, and probably never will cease, might be turned away, and made to take another country for its object. This it is which has failed. There is no enthusiasm to be called forth by any claptrap devices; even the *claque* has hung fire this time, and the "licensed" clappers of the Tuileries even, have been unable to cheat the principal actor of the drama into the belief that he had achieved a success. These "*chevaliers du lustre*," as the professional applauders are termed in theatres, have not been more valiant than the genuine public, and, with pendant arms, mouth agape, and hollow cheeks, this household brigade of flatterers has stood silent and shivering before its master; and, when the Emperor turned from the astonished minister of Franz Joseph, to seek encouragement in the attitude of his own followers, he found his own agitation mirrored in the agitation tenfold greater of his quaking *entourage*. What is to be done? That is everybody's question. If Austria could be taken unawares, and sent out of Lombardy in a few days, with only the effort of sending a certain number of regiments across the Alps, it might not be so difficult to become the deliverer of Italy; but as the Austrians will probably be ill-disposed, and will persist in defending themselves against aggression, the passage of the Alps by a French army will be the signal for a contest, the length of which no one can determine. For this, the Emperor has not money enough, and he knows it; he knows, too, that the French are an un-taxable people, and that in the position he occupies, his army even is not sufficient for all that will be required of it. When once the universal conflagration shall be kindled, the Emperor will then want more soldiers than his uncle wanted; for, to the same exterior enemies, he will add the hostile parties to be kept in order at home, and the Arab populations to be kept in order in Africa. Yet, the question recurs at each instant, What is to be done? The alliance between "Plon-Plon" and the Piedmontese princess will much encourage the Italians; Victor Emanuel will not be backward to push them on; and one fine day Louis Napoleon may find himself literally between the inevitable necessity of marching to the Italian frontier, and the knife of some other Orsini, who, years ago was his sworn comrade in Carbonarism.

Meanwhile, though with some difficulty, as it would appear, the Imperial Court has opened the

course of its winter festivities. At last night's ball a gloom overhung the entire scene, like a veil of crape; and "it is impossible," say many of those who were present, "to imagine a more striking contrast between the terror of the situation and the effort to disguise alarm." The Empress only seems to keep on unconcerned upon the "even tenour" of her pleasant "way," and as long as she can have plenty of *vaudevilles* to go to, plenty of dancing, and plenty of new dresses, and long conferences with Félix, the hairdresser, she does not seem to mind much what may be threatening on the political horizon. She perhaps believes, as some others have believed before her, and found themselves mistaken, that five hundred thousand soldiers are sufficient to keep the whole world in order, in doors and out of doors; and far from being depressed, she is full of plans for a species of diversion, which it is doubted whether her Imperial spouse will allow her to prosecute. A very short time since the fair lady in question sent for M. Octave Feuillet, the author of the new play at the Vaudeville (*Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*), and astounded him by the proposition to write a piece for her! Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugénie is possessed with a feminine desire to get up private theatricals at the Tuileries; and she intends to gratify the guests who are honoured by a bidding to the *Château* by a sight of her own charming self playing a part written expressly for her by a popular dramatist. Her recommendations to her "playwright extraordinary" were curious enough: she insisted on the necessity of being made, in her rôle, to be attached to some one, but added that it was necessary the fortunate object of this attachment should not appear, for that it would not be "convenable." She gave M. Feuillet permission to place her adorer in China or Japan, but laid on him no restriction excepting this. The unlucky dramatist is now the butt for the ceaseless persecutions of all the courtier tribe; and hardly a day passes without his being assailed by chamberlains and *Dames du Palais* in order to obtain from him a part in the Empress's piece. I belong, however, to those persons who doubt the likelihood of the Emperor's ever permitting this theatrical exhibition. It is an old plan of his fair consort's, and it has never been deemed realisable hitherto. M. Octave Feuillet, however, is just the species of genius whom her Majesty would forcibly have pounced upon, thinking him absolutely "literary" all the while, and conceiving she was doing what she should do as a patroness of letters and the arts. Anything more "wishy-washy" or weak, and more falsely sentimental than Octave Feuillet's productions, cannot be imagined. Every time one reads a line of his, one is reminded of Byron's definition of *negus*: "a wretched compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water." It is the supreme expression of what is false and sickly in art; and though written in rather less "kitchen French" than M. Scribe's dramatic works, those of Octave Feuillet have just the same amount of intense snobism which constitute their author the *Scribe* of the present day. He was the very man to impress such a critic as the Empress with the notion of his being a fine writer; and he has once more justified the surname given him of "*le Musset des Pamilles*."

A certain portion of the Paris world is all agog with pre-occupation about a marriage in the highest financial regions. M. Gustave de R. marries Mlle. A. Bride and bridegroom are of the same religion—children of Israel both; but, till now, the sons and daughters of the house of R. only married amongst themselves, and no other tribe could say to them, "Your people are my people." The disadvantages of this system have however ended, by being manifest. The R.'s are the ugliest specimens of the human race to be seen in any country, and they "enjoy" health that is anything but robust. Accordingly it was resolved, before mating another scion of the illustrious race with some one of his own cousins, to consult a certain number of those "learned pundits" who are styled the lights of physiological science. The consultation was called, and the House of R. heard

the most disagreeable things imaginable said to its members, to whom it was, among other occurrences, foretold, that if they persisted in their intermarriages, "they would in another generation become pig-faced!" The spiritual and habitually plain spoken and uncompromising Dr. Trousseau is the individual reported to have uttered this prediction. What is incontestable is, that it has been acted upon, and therefore Mdile. A. is about to marry M. R.; and it is hoped that all future resemblance to the legendary companion of St. Anthony will be avoided.

The tents of Israel are also threatened by another and more terrible danger. It is declared that M. Mirès will be baptised, not like that interesting infidel infant, Mortara, by a proselytising cook, but by the white fat hand of the Papal Nuncio himself! The said Nuncio is in no odour of sanctity at Rome; and I believe it is to get himself out of a scrape that he promises this wondrous conversion. How could the cardinals quarrel with a man who may bring to them such a Cressus of a convert?—a real full-grown practical Mortara, "alive" but not "kicking!"

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY, Jan. 18.—*Institution of Civil Engineers*, 10 P.M.
—*Statistical Society*, 8 P.M. "On the Statistical Evidence of the Results of Competition for 'Whole Fields of Service,'" by Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 19.—*Royal Society of Literature*, 4.30 P.M.—*Society of Arts*, 8 P.M.—*South Kensington Museum*, 8 P.M. Mr. Cockerell "On the Painting of the Ancients."—*Geological Society*, 8 P.M. The following Papers will be read:—1. "On the Gold-diggings at Ballarat." By H. Roales, Esq. Communicated by W. W. Smyth, Esq., Sec. G. S. 2. "On a New Species of Cephalaspis from the Old Red Sandstone near Ludlow." By J. Harley, Esq., M.D. Communicated by Prof. Huxley, F.G.S.—*British Meteorological Society*, 7 P.M.

THURSDAY, Jan. 20.—*Royal Society*, 8.30 P.M. Papers to be read:—Dr. Andrews, "Second Note on Ozone." Dr. David Walker, "Ice Observations." Dr. Edward Smith, "Inquiries into the Phenomena of Respiration." F. C. Calvert and R. Johnson, "On the Power of Amalgams to conduct Heat."—*Royal Academy of Arts*. Mr. G. G. Scott, A.R.A., "On Architecture."—*Society of Antiquaries*, 3 P.M.—*Linnean Society*, 8 P.M. Dr. Carpenter "On Tomopteris Ousiformis; and Dr. Cobbold "On some Forms of Entozoa."

SATURDAY, Jan. 22.—*Royal Asiatic Society*, 2 P.M.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—January 11th. Dr. Gray, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair. Professor Owen communicated a description of the external characters of the male gorilla (*Troglodytes Gorilla*), of which a specimen, transmitted in spirits, from the Gaboon, west coast of Africa, is now preserved, stuffed, in the British Museum, together with the skeleton of an old male.

Before referring to the earlier indications of this truly extraordinary animal, the Professor briefly recapitulated the steps which had led to the authentic knowledge of this great anthropoid ape, since the first communication received from its discoverer, the missionary, Dr. Savage, in 1847. (Proceedings of the Zoological Society, February, 1848.) Various evidences of the gorilla, skulls, skeletons, and finally, entire animals, had successively reached the museums of Paris and London; and, with those sent to Boston, U.S., had been described by the Professors of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in these cities. The description of the entire skeleton of the gorilla had been communicated by the author to the Zoological Society in 1851; and by Professor Duvernoy to the Academy of Sciences of Paris in 1853; that of the stuffed specimen in the Jardin des Plantes, by Professor Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, appeared in the tenth volume of the "Archives du Museum," in 1858. The differences in the results of the observations by the American, French, and English naturalists, relate chiefly to the interpretation of the facts observed.

Dr. Wyman agrees with Professor Owen, in referring the gorilla to the same genus as the chimpanzee, but regards the latter as being more nearly allied to the human kind.

Professors Duvernoy and Geoffroy St. Hilaire consider the differences in the osteology, dentition,

and outward characters of the gorilla to be of generic importance, and enter it in the Zoological catalogue as *Gorilla Gina*, the specific name being that by which the beast is known and dreaded by the natives of Gaboon. The French naturalists also concur with the American in placing the gorilla below the chimpanzee in the zoological scale, and some have lately been disposed to place both below the *Hylobates*, or long-armed apes.

Deferring the discussion of these questions the author proceeded to describe the external characters of the adult male gorilla, as they were exhibited by the specimen when preserved in spirits, and now mounted in the British Museum. He first called attention to the shortness, almost absence of neck, due to the backward position of the junction of the head to the trunk; to the great length of the cervical spines, causing the "nape" to project beyond the "occiput;" to the great size and elevation of the blade-bones; and to the oblique rising of the collar-bones from their sternal attachments to above the level of the angles of the jaw. The brain-case, low and narrow, and the lofty ridges of the skull, make the cranial profile pass in almost a straight line from the occiput to the superorbital ridge, the prominence of which gives the most forbidding feature to the physiognomy of the gorilla: the thick integument overlapping that ridge forms a scowling pent-house over the eyes.

The nose is more prominent than in the chimpanzee or orang-utan, not only at its lower expanded part, but at its upper half, where a slight prominence corresponds with that which the author had in a previous memoir pointed out in the nasal bones; the mouth is very wide, the lips large, of uniform thickness, the upper one with a straight, as if incised margin, not showing the coloured lining membrane when the mouth is shut; the chin very short and receding; the muzzle very prominent; the eyelids with eyelashes, the eyes wider apart than in the orang or chimpanzee, the hairy scalp continued to the superorbital ridge, and projecting there like eyebrows; and the ears smaller in proportion than in man, much smaller than in the chimpanzee, but the structure of the auricle more like that of man: it was minutely described and compared. On a direct front view of the face, the ears are on the same parallel with the eyes.

The teeth had been described in the author's first paper on the subject. (1848, Trans. Zool. Soc.) The huge canines in the male give a most formidable aspect to the beast; they were not fully developed in the younger and entire specimen, now mounted. The profile of the trunk describes a slight convexity from the nape to the sacrum, there being no in-bending at the loins, which seem wanting, the thirteenth pair of ribs being close to the "labrum ilii." The chest is of great capacity; the shoulders very wide across; the pectoral regions are slightly marked, and show a pair of nipples, placed as in the chimpanzee and human species. The abdomen somewhat prominent both before and at the sides. The pelvis relatively broader than in other apes. The chief deviations from the human structure were seen in the limbs, which are of great power, the upper ones prodigiously strong. The arm from below the short deltoid prominence preserves its thickness to the condyles; a uniform circumference prevails in the fore-arm; the leg increases in thickness from below the knee to the ankle. There is no calf. These characters of the limbs are due to the general absence of those partial muscular enlargements which impart the graceful varying curves to the outlines of the limbs in man. Yet they depended, the author remarked, rather on excess, than defect, of development of the carnosus as compared with the tendinous parts of the limb-muscles, which thus continue of almost the same size from their origin to their insertion, with a proportionate gain of strength to the beast. The difference in the length of the upper limbs between the gorilla and man is but little in comparison with the trunk; it appears greater through the arrest of development of the lower limbs. Very

significant of the closer anthropoid affinities of the gorilla was the superior length of the upper arm to the fore-arm, as compared with the proportions of those parts in the chimpanzee. The hair of the arm inclines downward, that of the fore-arm upward, as in the chimpanzee. The thumb extends a little beyond the base of the proximal phalanx of the fore-finger; it does not reach to the end of the metacarpal bone in the chimpanzee or any other ape: the philosophical zoologist will see great significance in this fact. In man the thumb extends to, or beyond, the middle of the first phalanx of the fore-finger.

The fore-arm in the gorilla passes into the hand with very slight evidence, by constriction, of the wrist, the circumference of which, without the hair, was fourteen inches, that of a strong man averaging eight inches. The hand is remarkable for its breadth and thickness, and for the great length of the palm, occasioned both by the length of the metacarpus and the greater extent of undivided integument between the digits than in man; these only begin to be free opposite the middle of the proximal or first phalanges in the gorilla. The digits are thus short, and appear as if swollen and gouty; and are conical in shape after the first joint, by tapering to nails, which, being not larger or longer than those of man, are relatively to the fingers much smaller. The circumference of the middle digit at the first joint in the gorilla is 5½ inches; in man, at the same part, it averages 2½ inches. The skin covering the middle phalanx is thick and callous on the backs of the fingers, and there is little outward appearance of the second joint. The habit of the animal to apply those parts to the ground, in occasional progression, is manifested by these callosities. The back of the hand is hairy as far as the divisions of the fingers; the palm is naked and callous. The thumb, besides its shortness, according to the standard of the human hand, is scarcely half so thick as the fore-finger. The nail of the thumb did not extend to the end of that digit; in the fingers the nail projected a little beyond the end, but with a slightly convex worn margin, resembling the human nails in shape, but relatively less.

In the hind limbs, chiefly noticeable was that first appearance in the quadrumanous series of a muscular development of the gluteus, causing a small buttock to project over each tuber ischii. This structure, with the peculiar expanse (in *quadrumanus*) of the iliac bones, leads to an inference that the gorilla must naturally and with more ease resort occasionally to station and progression on the lower limbs than any other ape.

The same cause as in the arm, viz., a continuance of a large proportion of fleshy fibres to the lower end of the muscles, co-extensive with the thigh, gives a great circumference to that segment of the limb above the knee-joint, and a more uniform size to it than in man. The relative shortness of the thigh, its bone being only eight-ninths the length of the humerus (in man the humerus averages five-sixths the length of the femur), adds to the appearance of its superior relative thickness. Absolutely it is not of greater circumference at its middle than is the same part in man.

The chief difference in the leg, after its relative shortness, is the absence of a "calf," due to the non-existence of the partial accumulation of carnosous fibres in the gastrocnemii muscles, causing that prominence in the type-races of mankind. In the gorilla the tendo-achillis not only continues to receive the "penniform" fibres to the heel, but the fleshy parts of the muscles of the foot receive accessions of fibres at the lower third of the leg, to which the greater thickness of that part is due, the proportions in this respect being the reverse of those in man. The leg expands at once into the foot, which has a peculiar and characteristic form, owing to the modifications favouring bipedal motion being superinduced upon an essentially prehensile, quadrumanous type. The heel makes a more decided backward projection than in the chimpanzee; the heel-bone is relatively thicker, deeper, more expanded vertically at its hind end, besides being fully as long

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as in the chimpanzee. This bone, so characteristic of anthropoid affinities, is shaped and proportioned more like the human calcaneum than in any other ape. The malleoli do not make such well-marked projections as in man; they are marked more by the thickness of the fleshy and tendinous parts of the muscles that pass near them, on their way to be inserted into parts of the foot. Although the foot be articulated to the leg with a slight inversion of the sole, it is more nearly plantigrade than in the chimpanzee or any other ape. The hallux (great toe, thumb of the foot), though not relatively longer than in the chimpanzee, is stronger; the bones are thicker in proportion to their length, especially the last phalanx, which in shape and breadth much resembles that in the human foot. The hallux in its natural position diverges from the other toes at an angle of 60 deg. from the axis of the foot; its base is large, swelling into a kind of ball below, upon which the thick callous epiderm of the sole is continued. The transverse indentations and wrinkles show the frequency and freedom of the flexile movements of the two joints of the hallux; the nail is small, flat, and short. The sole of the foot gradually expands from the heel forward to the divergence of the hallux, and seems to be here cleft, and almost equally, between the base of the hallux and the common base of the other four digits. These are small and slender in proportion, and their bases are enveloped in a common tegumentary sheath as far as the base of the second phalanx. A longitudinal indent at the middle of the sole, bifurcating—one channel defining the ball of the hallux, the other running towards the interspace between the second and third digit—indicates the action of opposing the whole thumb (which seems rather like an inner lobe or division of the sole), to the outer division terminated by the four short toes. What is termed the "instep" in man is very high in the gorilla, owing to the thickness of the carneo-tendinous parts of the muscles as they pass from the leg to the foot over this region. The mid-toe (third) is a little longer than the second and fourth; the fifth, as in man, is proportionally shorter than the fourth, and is divided from it by a somewhat deeper cleft. The whole sole is wider than in man, relatively to its length, much wider, and in that respect, as well as by the offset of the hallux, and the definition of its basal ball, more like a hand, but a hand of huge dimensions, and of portentous power of grasp.

The hairy integument is continued along the dorsum of the foot to the clefts of the toes, and upon the first phalanx of the hallux: the whole sole is bare.

The adult male gorilla measures five feet six inches from the sole to the top of the head, the breadth across the shoulders is nearly three feet, the length of the upper limb three feet four inches, that of the lower limb two feet four inches, that of the head and trunk three feet six inches; other measurements were given in the paper. The author gave a minute account of the colour and disposition of the hair, noticing the evidence, from its worn state on the back, of the animal's habit of sitting propped against the trunk or upright branch of the tree. Although the general colour seems dusky, it was remarked that, owing to the admixture of hairs of a reddish, and some of a grey colour, with the prevalent dusky ones, the coat of the living gorilla reflects a different and lighter colour than that of the chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*).

In the foregoing remarks the author had given the results of direct observations made on the first and only entire specimen of the gorilla which had reached England. At the period when they were made, no other description of its external characters had reached him; and if the majority of them be found to agree with previously recorded observations by naturalists enjoying earlier opportunities of studying similarly preserved specimens, the rarity and importance of the species might excuse, if it did not justify, a second description from direct scrutiny of a new specimen by an old observer of the anthropoid quadrumania. A much more important labour, however, remained. The

accurate record of facts in natural history was one and a good aim; the deduction of their true consequences was a better. Professor Owen proceeded, therefore, to reconsider the conclusions from which his experienced French and American fellow-labourers in natural history differed from him, and in which it seemed he stood alone.

The first—it may be called the supreme—question in regard to the gorilla was, its place in the scale of nature, and its true and precise affinities.

Is it or not the nearest of kin to human kind? Does it form, like the chimpanzee and orang, a distinct genus in the anthropoid or knuckle-walking group of apes? Are these apes, or are the long-armed gibbons, most essentially related to the genus *Homo*? Of the broad breast-boned quadrumania, are the knuckle-walkers or the brachiaturs, i.e. the long-armed gibbons, most nearly and essentially related to the human subject? Professor Owen proceeded to grapple with the first as the most important question.

At the first aspect, whether of the entire animal or of the skeleton, he freely admitted that the gorilla strikes the observer as being a much more bestial and brutish animal than the chimpanzee. All the features that relate to the wielding of the strong jaws and large canines are exaggerated; the evidence of brain is less; its proper cavity is more masked by the outgrowth of the strong occipital and other cranial ridges. But then the impression so made that the gorilla is less like man, is like that which is derived from comparing a young with an adult chimpanzee, or some small tailless monkey with a full-grown male orang or chimpanzee. Taking the characters that truly cause that impression at a first inspection of the gorilla, most of the small South American monkeys are more anthropoid; they have a proportionally larger and more human-shaped cranium, much less prominent jaws, with more equable teeth.

To determine the important question at issue, the author stated that it must first be ascertained what are the characters by which the genus *Homo* trenchantly differs from the genus *Simia* of Linnaeus. To determine the osteal and dental characteristics, he had compared the skeletons and teeth of individuals of the negro and Australian races with the same parts in species of *Troglodytes*, *Pithecius* and *Hylobates*.

The first and most obvious differential character is the globular form of the brain-case, and its superior relative size to the face, especially the jaws, in man. But this is not an instructive or demonstrative character, when comparing quadrumanous species, in reference to the question at issue. It is exaggerated in the human child, owing to the acquisition of its full, or nearly full size, by the brain, before the jaws have expanded to lodge the second set of teeth. It is an anthropoid character in which the quadrumania resemble man, in proportion to the diminution of their general bulk. If a gorilla, with milk-teeth, have a somewhat larger brain and brain-case than a chimpanzee at the same immature age, the acquisition of greater general bulk by the gorilla, and of a more formidable physical development of the skull, in reference to the great canines in the male, will give to the chimpanzee the appearance of a more anthropoid character, which really does not belong to it; which could be as little depended upon in a question of precise affinity as the like more anthropoid characters of the female, as compared with the male gorilla or chimpanzee.

Much more important and significant were the following characters of the human skull. The mastoid processes, which relate to balancing the head upon the trunk in the erect attitude; the small premaxillaries and concomitant small size of the incisor teeth, as compared with the molar teeth. This character relates to the superiority of the psychical over the mere physical powers in man. It governs the feature in which he recedes from the brute, as does also the prominence of the nasal bones in most, and in all the typical, races of man.

The somewhat angular form of the bony orbits, tending to a square, with the corners rounded off, is a good human character of the skull; which is

difficult to comprehend as an adaptive one, and therefore the better in the present inquiry. The same may be said of the production of the floor of the tympanic or auditory tube into the plate called "vaginal." Believing the foregoing to be sufficient to test the respective degrees of affinity to man within the limited group of quadrumania to which it is proposed to apply them, the author would not weary his audience or weaken his argument by citing minor characters. The question at issue is, as between the anthropoid apes and man. Cuvier deemed the orang (*Pithecius*) to be nearer akin to man than the chimpanzee (*Troglodytes*) is. That belief has long ceased to be entertained. Professor Owen proceeded, therefore, to compare the gorilla and chimpanzee in reference to their human affinities.

Most naturalists entering upon this question would first look to the premaxillary bones, or, owing to the early confluence of those bones with the maxillaries in the gorilla and chimpanzee, to the part of the upper jaw containing the incisive teeth, on the development of which depends the prognathic or brutish character of a skull. Now the extent of the premaxillaries below the nostril is not only relatively but absolutely less in the gorilla, and consequently the profile of the skull is less convex at this part, or less "prognathic," than in the chimpanzee. Notwithstanding the degree in which the skull of the gorilla surpasses in size that of the chimpanzee, especially when the two are compared on a front view, the breadth of the premaxillaries and of the four incisive teeth is the same in both. In the relative degree, therefore, in which these bones are smaller than in the chimpanzee, the gorilla, in this most important character, comes nearer to man.

Next, as regards the nasal bones. In the chimpanzee, as in the orang, they are as flat to the face as in any of the lower *Simiæ*. In the gorilla, the median coalesced margins of the upper half of the nasal bones are produced forwards: in a slight degree it is true, but affording a most significant evidence of nearer resemblance to man. In the same degree they impress that anthropic feature upon the face of the living gorilla. It is true that in some pig-faced baboons there are ridges and prominences in the naso-facial part of the skull; but they do not really affect the question as between the gorilla and chimpanzee. All naturalists know that the semnopithecines of Borneo have long noses; but the proboscideiform appendage which gives so ludicrous a mask to those monkeys is scarcely the homologue of the human nose, and is unaccompanied by any such modification of the nose-bones as gives the true anthropoid character to the human skull, and to which only the gorilla, in the ape tribe, makes any approximation.

No orang or chimpanzee shows any rudiment of mastoid processes; but they are present in the gorilla, smaller indeed than in man, but unmistakable; they are, as in man, cellular, and with a thin outer plate of bone. This fact led the author to express, when he knew only the skull of the gorilla, the following inference, viz.: "from the nearer approach which the gorilla makes to man in comparison with the chimpanzee, or orang, in regard to the mastoid processes, that it assumed more nearly and more habitually the upright attitude than those inferior anthropoid apes do." This inference has been fully borne out by the rest of the skeleton of the gorilla, subsequently acquired.

In the chimpanzee, as in the orang and inferior *Simiæ*, the lower surface of the long tympanic or auditory process is flat and smooth, developing in the chimpanzee only a slight tubercle, anterior to the stylohyal pit. In the gorilla the same process is more or less convex below, and develops a ridge, answering to the vaginal process, on the outer side of the carotid canal. The processes posterior and internal, to the glenoid articular surface, are better developed, especially the internal one, in the gorilla than in the chimpanzee; the ridge which extends from the ectopetroyoid along the inner border of the foramen ovale, terminates in the gorilla by an angle or process answering to that called "styloform" or "spinous"

in man, but of which there is no trace in the chimpanzee.

The orbits have a full oval form in the orang; they are almost circular in the chimpanzee; in the gorilla alone do they present the form which used to be deemed characteristic of man in comparison with apes. Professor Owen remarked that there was not much physiological meaning in some of the latter characters; but, on that very account, he deemed them of more value and significance in the present comparison.

In the greater relative size of the molars, compared with the incisors, the gorilla makes an important closer step towards man than does the chimpanzee. The configuration of the grinding surface of both upper and lower molars in the gorilla is closely like that in man. The chimpanzee offers the next nearest resemblance. In the orang the pattern is quite obliterated, and that of the grinding surface of the gibbon's molars departs still further from the human type. In the relative length of the arm to the fore-arm, the relative length and strength of the thumb, the relative length of the upper limb to the entire animal, the breadth and configuration of the pelvis, the size and shape of the heel-bone, the length and strength of the thumb of the foot, the gorilla was shown to resemble the human organisation more nearly and more decisively than does the chimpanzee.

The author reverted finally to the ancient notices which had been supposed to relate to the species of great ape which he had described; and he quoted from a correspondence between himself and the venerable Bishop Malby, on the subject of the hairy wild men mentioned by Hanno in the Periplus, and gave the bishop's translation of the passage referring to the gorilla. Professor Owen's paper was illustrated by drawings of the full-sized gorilla and chimpanzee, by Wolf, and by diagrams of the skeletons of those apes and of the negro.

Mr. Gould exhibited a drawing of a pheasant which he considered was identical with that lately described by Mr. Blyth under the name of *Dicrodactylus fasciatus*.

Mr. Gould read an extract from a letter received from Dr. Bennett, stating that the ungulated goose had been domesticated in Sydney, having been hatched by a common hen.

Dr. Gray read a notice of *Notopteris*, a new genus of pteropine bat from Viti Island. He also read a notice of a new genus of lophobranchiate fish from West Australia; and he likewise read a paper containing a description of the adult state of *Volva Mammilla*.

The Secretary read a paper by Dr. Bennett, containing "Notes on the Mooruk (*Casuarina Bennettii*)," a male and female of which Dr. Bennett intended to ship from Sydney about February, as a donation to the Society.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A very full meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening at Burlington House, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the Chair.

One of the papers read was—"Notes on the Zambesi expedition," from the journal of Thos. Baines, Esq., F.R.G.S.; communicated by Dr. Livingstone, F.R.G.S. Prior to the reading of Mr. Baines's journal the President introduced the subject with extracts from a letter addressed to him by Dr. Livingstone, describing his enthusiastic reception by the natives, the companions of his former journey, whose numbers had been reduced by sickness; and described the general condition of the people and their treatment by the Portuguese authorities. The existing relations between the natives and the Portuguese were represented as being still unsatisfactory; the English name, however, was a passport with the natives. The Doctor states that good coal was met with, some of which was taken on board and answered well; but in the absence of this coal, lignum vitae and other valuable hard woods were consumed as fuel. The Doctor concludes by expressing his satisfaction with the conduct of the members of the expedition. Portions of Mr. Baines's journal, which minutely

details the proceedings of the exploring party from the commencement, were then read; he alludes to the difficulties encountered in navigating the river from the rocks and want of water, and he mentions the various astronomical and meteorological observations which had been made, the character of the country explored, its climate, physical features, and other information.

The paper gave rise to an animated discussion. Mr. Macgregor Laird having been called upon, explained the reason of the slow rate of speed of the steam launch, attributing it entirely to the fact of so light a vessel being so heavily laden, and observed that as she was only intended to draw sixteen inches of water, if the weight she had to carry doubled or trebled that, her speed would be naturally diminished in proportion. He then, as well as Mr. Lyons M'Leod, spoke strongly in favour of the vegetable products of the country in the vicinity of the Zambesi. Mr. M'Leod, who had recently returned from Mozambique, where he served as British consul, and who had paid considerable attention, and possesses valuable information with regard to the Zambesi, alluded to the specimens of different kinds of wood which he had brought home with him and lodged with the Society. This he considers will prove of great value in ship-building. Some of the trees were stated to be from 40 to 60 feet high, affording timbers four and even six feet square. He then referred to the luxuriance of the vegetation, and to the adaptability of the soil for growing wheat, observing that the country might be made the granary of South Africa.

Mr. Crawford dissented from these views, and disbelieved the possibility of growing wheat under the tropics, excepting at a great elevation: spoke of the hopelessness of producing cotton, and as to timber, questioned whether any trees, available for shipbuilding, grew near the banks of the Zambesi.

Mr. Macqueen maintained that good wheat can be grown even at the Equator, and adduced several instances in support of this; adding that, as to cotton, there was ample proof of its having been grown abundantly in all parts of Africa for the last 3000 years.

Colonel Sykes confirmed Mr. Macqueen's statement, citing as an instance an extensive tract of country in the neighbourhood of Guzerat, where wheat of so excellent and glutinous a quality is cultivated, that the Manchester manufacturers prefer it to all other descriptions for finishing their cotton goods. He expressed a hope that Dr. Livingstone's expedition would prove successful, and was of opinion that the accounts given of the fertility of the soil, and capabilities of the country, were quite correct.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—January 8th. Col. Sykes, M.P., President, in the chair. The Secretary read a letter from his Excellency Sir John Bowring, dated at Hong-Fong, enclosing the facsimile of the engraving on a large stone tablet belonging to a Buddhist temple at Canton, bearing an inscription in Chinese, a translation of which by Mr. J. Gibson was also forwarded by his Excellency. From the latter portion of the inscription we learn that the present tablet was erected in the reign of the emperor Wan-Je (A.D. 1613), by a certain priest of the temple, in commemoration of an ancient one which had fallen into decay; and that the original inscription purported to have been engraved in the time of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 420-479), by a priest named Chin-na-pa-to, who there erected an altar for the worship of Buddha, and foretold the coming of a "Fo," who would issue precepts and regulations from the altar then raised. We are further told that about a century afterwards, in the time of the Liang dynasty, a foreign priest brought from Western India a sacred tree, planted it before the same altar, and reiterating the prophecy, said that at the end of 160 years after his departure the foretold "Fo" would become manifest in the flesh, open the Shang-ching book, promulgate its precepts, and convert an innumerable multitude to the religion of the Great Buddha; all which accordingly came to pass, a

certain Chin-Neng having proved himself in due time to be the predicted "Fo." The greater portion of the present tablet is occupied by an outline drawing of a kind of temple, with a large tree before it, which, according to the inscription, may be compared to the "scenery of Buddha's divine abode; as if the occidental plant, rooted in Eastern soil, had grown up into the figure of a dragon, embracing in its amplitude of shade even its original source, the distant West."

Professor Wilson commenced the reading of a paper on Hsien Tsing's "Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales," recently translated from the Chinese by M. Julian.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Dec. 14. Annual General Meeting. Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P., President, in the chair.—The Report of the Council for the past Session, which was read, commenced by regretting that there had not been a general resumption of works of public utility and of private enterprise in the United Kingdom, a large proportion of the professional engagements being still in foreign countries or in the British colonies. In India the suspended works upon the different railways had been resumed, and it was fair to conclude would now be pushed forward with vigour. On the Continent but little progress had been made, except in the construction of branch lines. The opening of the Caen and Cherbourg Railway, constructed by Mr. Brassey (Assoc. Inst. C. E.), was mentioned, as on that occasion Mr. Locke, M.P., the President of the Institution, who was the engineer-in-chief of the line, had been raised to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honour. The line traversed a rich and fertile district, inhabited by an enterprising and industrious race. The total length was 22½ miles, and the works comprised about 4,500 yards of tunneling, 70 bridges across rivers, and 310 road bridges.

The various Spanish railways in operation, or in progress of construction, were then noticed; and it was stated, that in Austria, the Lombardo-Venetian Company, under the able direction of M. Paulin Talabot, had united the majority of the principal lines, with a view to the ultimate formation of one comprehensive system, which would be one of the most considerable in Europe, as it would consist of nearly 1,900 miles of railway, connecting Austria, Hungary, and Southern Germany with Trieste and Italy, and extending in an unbroken line from Vienna to Milan, and from the Bavarian frontier to Florence.

In Piedmont, where railways were so early introduced, but little had been done for some time past, beyond completing, to the foot of the mountains, on either side, the Victor Emmanuel line, and commencing the herculean task of tunneling through the Alps. Meanwhile, it was proposed to construct a line of railway along the Cornice road, bordering the Mediterranean, from Nice to join the railway at Voltri and thence to Genoa; for the accommodation of the traffic between France and Piedmont until the Alpine tunnel should be completed. In Portugal, arrangements had been made, under the direction of Mr. Fowler (M. Inst. C. E.), by Sir Morton Peto, Bart. (Assoc. Inst. C. E.), for the immediate construction of a main line from Lisbon, through Coimbra, to Oporto. In Russia, the engineers of the Crédit Mobilier of France were pushing forward the vast net-work of lines comprehended within their scheme; and on the Riga and Dunaburg line, under Mr. Hawkshaw (V. P. Inst. C. E.), rapid progress was making by Mr. T. Jackson, the contractor. In the East, the Ottoman railway between Smyrna and Aidin, under the direction of Mr. Edwin Clark (M. Inst. C. E.) and Mr. Meredith (M. Inst. C. E.), the consulting and the resident engineers, was being vigorously proceeded with; whilst the line from Cairo to Suez had just been completed by M. Mouchelet.

In the Southern Hemisphere, the colony of Victoria might be referred to, as making great advances in engineering works. Undertakings of considerable magnitude had been designed, some were in progress, and a few were completed. The most prominent of these were macadamised roads,

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railways, water-works, shipping wharfs, piers, and slips for heaving ships out of the water. The railway from Yarra Yarra Bridge to Sandhurst, with a deep water pier in Hobson's Bay, for ships of 500 tons burden, was completed, and in full activity; although as costly, mile for mile, as the London and Greenwich railway, it yielded a profit on the capital of 10 per cent. per annum. From this line a branch had been opened to St. Kilda, which was found to be of great convenience to the suburban and residential traffic, and a prolongation was about to be made to the Sandhurst railway. The Geelong railway had been opened to Williamstown, and had only been delayed from reaching Melbourne by the non-completion of the Government line to Williamstown. The Government lines, required to maintain the intercourse with the distant parts of the colony, were in progress, large contracts having already been let. The Yan Yean waterworks, for supplying the town of Melbourne, were finished; the water was collected in artificial reservoirs, and was conveyed through a system of pipes, 40 miles in length, to the town. As the town was not subdrained, the disposal of the waste water was even now a serious question, there being only 4 feet tide in the Yarra-Yarra River, which drained into Hobson's Bay, an almost tideless lake. At some future, and probably not very distant period, this would render the question of dealing with the sewerage as difficult as that of London. The deep water piers and slips, at Williamstown, were in an advanced state of completion, and would be useful auxiliaries to the commercial marine resorting to Hobson's Bay. The system of macadamised roads, leading from Melbourne to Maryborough, Sandhurst, Castlemaine, Ballarat, and other important places, had been completed, in many cases under very difficult circumstances, but were now so efficient, that travelling was almost as rapid and as convenient, as on the English roads before the introduction of railways.

In reference to telegraph matters, it was stated, that the attempt to lay the cable between Candia and Alexandria, had, for the present, proved abortive, in consequence of a severe gale, which rendered it necessary to cut the cable, and to buoy it, when 228 miles had been paid out, in a depth of 1400 fathoms. This proceeding was so successful, that the cable was fished up on the subsiding of the gale; but the insulation being apparently injured, it was not considered advisable to continue the operations during the present advanced season. Candia, Syra, Chio, and Cape Hellas were, however, successfully connected by submarine cables, under the superintendence of Mr. Liddell. Another attempt had been made to establish submarine communication between this country and the United States. The English and American steamships, with their respective portions of the cable, commenced paying out about mid-channel, and, after some casualties, the shore-ends were landed; but unfortunately the insulation proved so defective, that no intelligible messages could now be transmitted, and, on account of the advanced state of the season, all further attempts to remedy any defects were adjourned. The cable lost in 1855, and a portion of that lost in 1856, off Cape Spartiventi, Sardinia, had been recovered by Mr. Liddell and Mr. F. C. Webb (Assoc. Inst. C. E.). The Channel Islands were now put into telegraphic communication with the English coast, by means of cables laid, by Messrs. Newall and Co., from Portland to Alderney, and thence to Guernsey and to Jersey. A cable with four wires was laid down, by Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co., from Dunwich to Zandvort, but the communication through it had been delayed by an accident, which occurred whilst endeavouring to repair one of the wires; and a cable with two wires had been successfully laid from the English coast to Emden, likewise by Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co.

At home, an important feature in the railway extensions in the vicinity of the Metropolis, was the Victoria Station, Grosvenor Basin, Pimlico, under Mr. Fowler (M. Inst. C. E.). This site was peculiarly fitted for a railway, as from the previous formation of the roads and bridges, the levels of the rails could be so arranged as to avoid inter-

ference, by inclined approaches, with the adjoining streets, or properties, whilst affording extensive frontage upon wide streets, at present not encumbered with traffic. The works, including a bridge across the Thames, consisting of four arched spans of 175 feet each, were now in progress.

One of the important hydraulic innovations of the past year, had been the new mode of lifting ships, introduced by Mr. Edwin Clark (M. Inst. C. E.), and which had been successfully applied at the Victoria (London) Docks. The apparatus consisted of thirty-two hydraulic presses, with cross heads and suspension links, similar to those used in lifting the tubular girders of the Britannia Bridge. These presses were arranged in two parallel rows, leaving between them a space to receive a gridiron, 320 feet long and 60 feet wide, in a depth of water of 27 feet. By an ingenious arrangement, the presses were enabled to act in three separate groups, so as either to act simultaneously upon the gridiron, or to lift one or more points; in order, if necessary, to give a certain extent of inclination to the body which was lifted. It was stated that the original cost of a system of docks of this description would only be about one-fifth of that of ordinary graving docks; the operations of lifting and lowering were very rapid, a vessel of 1000 tons burden only occupying the dock for about thirty-five minutes; and the facility for making the repairs was very great.

In supplying towns with water, the only important work of the past year was the South Staffordshire Waterworks. The object of this undertaking was to supply the towns and districts of Lichfield, Walsall, Wednesbury, Westbromwich, Tipton, and Dudley, where, hitherto, there had been a serious dearth of good water. The spot selected by Mr. J. R. McClean (V.P. Inst. C. E.) for establishing the pumping engines, was at Lichfield, where in addition to a large surface supply, taken above the contamination of any sewage, by sinking down to the sandstone rock, and driving a tunnel, upwards of a mile in length, an unlimited quantity of pure soft water was obtained. This was raised by a pair of James Watt and Co.'s powerful pumping engines, and forced through a 2-foot main of cast iron pipes to a single stand pipe, at Brownhills, whence the water proceeded by gravitation through the remainder of the main, 22 inches diameter, which was laid for a distance of nearly fourteen miles, chiefly alongside the rails of the South Staffordshire Railway, to the reservoirs at Walsall, Wednesbury, and Westbromwich, situated at the respective heights of 180 feet, 240 feet, and 260 feet above the main at the engines. The total contents of the storage reservoirs was ninety million gallons. The ultimate length of the main pipe would be upwards of twenty-five miles, and it was given as a remarkable instance of care, on the part of Messrs. Cochran and Co., the iron founders, and Mr. Aird, the contractor, for laying them, that out of seven thousand pipes, only two should have exhibited any defect when laid, and these defects were each remedied within an hour.

The Report concluded by congratulating the Members on the general satisfactory state of the Institution, which to some few, still among them, had been, from its humble beginning in 1818, an object of solicitude. Ample funds, volumes of proceedings printed rapidly, well attended meetings and crowded *conversazioni*, were the outward signs of prosperity; but they also indicated the greater necessity for increased exertions on the part of all who would insure the permanent prosperity of an Institution which had done so much good, and might still continue to be so useful, if it were adequately supported by the members of a profession which took no mean part in the labours of the present century.

After the reading of the Report, Telford Medals were presented to Messrs. J. A. Longridge, G. Robertson, J. Henderson, R. J. Hood, Maj.-Gen. G. B. Tremeneere, and A. Giles; Watt Medals to Messrs. G. L. Molesworth and T. S. Sawyer; Council Premiums of Books to Messrs. C. H. Brooks, F. C. Webb, S. A. Farley, R. C. Despard, A. Wright, and J. Brunlees; and the Manby Premium, in Books, to Mr. G. L. Molesworth.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THIS, the sixth annual exhibition of the Photographic Society, is the largest, and on the whole no doubt the best, it has held; but we are by no means sure that it is the most interesting. The great room of the Suffolk Street Gallery, and the two smaller rooms on the south, are entirely filled with works which, without regard to their subjects, afford satisfactory evidence, not only that photography is steadily advancing, but that at every step it makes sure of the ground it has gained. But there are some noticeable distinctions between this and earlier exhibitions. Professional photographers are more numerous, and, as is perhaps inevitable, they are beginning to monopolise the show. As a consequence the pictures are assuming a more strictly professional and conventional character. They no longer serve to illustrate particular processes, and they show signs of man's handywork. The selections are evidently made to sell, or to serve as advertisements of the exhibitors. Portraits elaborately "touched up," and often highly coloured, of nameless simpering personages of both sexes, are as numerous and as prominent as at an exhibition of the Royal Academy; and if possible their presence makes itself even more disagreeably felt here than there. At the Academy they are for the most part "above the line," and you can escape the infliction by not looking so high. Here, right on the line, you have not merely frame after frame, having in the catalogue against the numbers simply the word "Portrait," but an almost interminable succession of "frames of portraits," each containing half-a-dozen, a dozen, or a score, as the case may be, of nameless and meaningless faces, like the cases you see hanging outside shop-doors in Regent-street or the Strand. Of course the portrait-takers are glad to avail themselves of such an opportunity of advertising their wares, but some discrimination should be exercised by the Council as to quantity as well as quality in what they admit, and mere advertising portraits might very well be relegated to a separate apartment. How much pleasanter an arrangement, for example, would it have been had one of the smaller rooms been given up to the portraits—or, indeed, both of them, had both been necessary, as would no doubt have been the case if all that are here had been admitted. Where a portrait is a good work of art, and at the same time the likeness of a person distinguished in science, literature, art, or public life, it will always be welcome to a foremost place in any gallery; and a portrait of unusual excellence, though it be only of a shadow, may claim a special exception in its favour; but among photographic portraits such exceptions can only occur when there is something very remarkable in the head itself or some marked novelty in the mode of treatment. Ordinary photographic portraits of persons of whom you know nothing and care less, are probably, of all the wearisome things with which this patient earth is encumbered, the most entirely and irredeemably wearisome.

As a whole, the exhibition displays considerable variety, but something more of novelty is a desideratum. Some time back the Council intimated that photographs would not be admitted which had been previously exhibited either in public galleries or for sale in shop-windows, but they afterwards found it necessary to rescind the regulation—at least for the present season. Another year we trust they will be able to enforce it, or to keep the number of previously exhibited pictures within a tolerably narrow limit. They may perhaps by so doing lessen the number of prints at their disposal, but we believe they would greatly increase the attraction of their exhibition; and we cannot but think that, with our leading photographers, as with our leading painters, it would in that case become a point of ambition to have some master-work ready for the exhibition. At any rate, it is felt by the general public though photographers hardly appear sensible of it, to be a little trying to the temper to discover,

after paying a shilling for admission, that one after another of the more attractive pictures is an old acquaintance—already transferred to the portfolio, perchance, if the visitor be a collector—certainly familiar in the print-sellers' windows or back-rooms. The visitor too often finds stealing over him a disagreeable uncertainty whether the pictures which appear new to him are not also in fact old though unrecognised acquaintances.

The leading feature of the exhibition is the series of photographs after Raffaele's Cartoons, by Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi, with the studies of heads, on a larger scale, from the cartoons by the same artists, and by Mr. Thurston Thompson. The value of these to the art-student it would scarcely be possible to overrate. In the cartoons (those exhibited here are only the largest of the three sizes published by Messrs. Colnaghi) more of the sober grandeur of the marvellous originals is given, and a far closer approximation made to the thought of the painter, than any engraving has ever reached. Happily the authorities have enabled the public by the simple process of lowering them to within a foot of the floor, to see the original cartoons with a degree of clearness and comfort, such as, owing to the construction of Wren's unlucky room, had hitherto been impossible. But these photographs (each about 40 inches by 28), allow the student to dwell on all that is great and characteristic in them, with almost as much satisfaction as though the actual works were before him; and with the advantage that he can examine them as long and recur to them as often as he pleases in his own quiet study. And what these do for the complete pictures, the separate studies accomplish for particular parts. As examples of the photographic art they claim unstinted praise. Every line of the picture is faithfully presented, and though the colour is necessarily rendered by equivalents not always corresponding in depth to the original, the general effect is preserved unimpaired; while those who are curious to see how far photographic imitation will reach—and it is a very proper matter of curiosity—will not fail to notice that every joint, crease, and crack, and wrinkle in the cartoon is copied with its own light and shadow, so exactly as almost to leave the observer uncertain whether it be not a real joint or crease in the paper he is examining. We could have wished that Mr. Thompson had submitted his complete cartoons for comparison with those of Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi. Judging from his 'Studies of Heads,' he had no need to shrink from the trial. His studies are certainly not inferior, some of them are decidedly superior, to theirs in clearness and sharpness of definition, though perhaps the tone is hardly so agreeable. Both are first-rate examples of manipulative skill. In all, there are about fifty of these photographs of the cartoons in the exhibition, and as from their size and costliness comparatively few visitors to the gallery could have seen so complete a series of them, we readily grant that, although not absolutely new or unexhibited, it would have been most undesirable to have excluded them. We only wish we could have had here as many more photographs as high in character of other master-works of the great artists from all parts of Europe, and in every line of Art.

Next in value to these, are perhaps to be placed the no less admirable (though very different) photographs of the East by Mr. Frith. Like those just noticed, they are not shown here for the first time, and we have less excuse for dwelling on them, as we spoke of them at some length in our recent notice of the exhibition of the Architectural Photographic Association. Here, however, are more of his views of natural scenery, and fewer of his strictly architectural photographs, though he has surrounded his great Panorama of Cairo (a less successful print, by the way, than that in the other gallery) with most of the more important buildings in the locality. With them may be associated as regards character and interest, though inferior in artistic power, a striking series of views by Mr. Hamilton Craker, of the 'Rock-

temples of Vishnu, or Seven Pagodas of Mavelloporum;' the 'Parthasadih Pagoda;' the 'Palmirah Jungle on the Banks of the Coon,' the cocoa-nut plantations, the palms, and other natural and artificial features of the Madras Presidency. If photography go on as it has lately been doing, tarry-at-home travellers, of a studious and slightly imaginative turn, may really come to have a truer notion of the leading objects of interest as well as the physical features of a country than nine-tenths of the actual common-place travellers. And as an easy test of what photography on a large scale can do, in the way of bringing before the eyes and the mind a complete as well as a distinct conception of even a complex object, we commend to the visitor's attention the extraordinary view of the Interior of the Crystal Palace by Mr. Delamotte, with all its amazing intricacy of form and light and shadow, a very marvel in its way, and showing more convincingly the more it is studied how insufficient is the hand of man when attempting to give anything approaching to an illusive representation of any such scene.

Of our home-landscape photographers, Mr. Fenton still maintains the lead. He has many works here, some perhaps new, but as we are not sure of the fact, as the major part are certainly familiar, we shall not attempt to particularise them. They are all, or nearly all, admirably selected as to point of view, and are enough to make the topographic landscape draughtsman tremble for his craft. They are also, we need hardly say, excellent as examples of photographic manipulation. But Mr. Fenton wants either some change of subject or of style. There is coming over his works some feeling of mannerism or monotony. It is needless to say that this does not apply to his noble photographs of ancient sculpture, or his studies of female form and costume, though these last are not among the happiest of his works.

Treading closely on Mr. Fenton's heels—if he would take a bolder stride we are not sure that he would not outstep him—is Mr. Francis Bedford, who has here the works we noticed in the Architectural Gallery, and others at least equal to them, all surprisingly brilliant in tone, and sharp in detail, whether that detail be crumbling stone, or moss-covered rock, or quivering foliage—but here again we want to see some new thing. We are glad to see these here, however, for the exhibition is decidedly weak in architecture. It sadly wants supplementing with some works on a grand scale, like the Venetian buildings in the Architectural Gallery. Inferior to Mr. Bedford's, but still very pleasing, are some of the views of Canterbury Cathedral by Mr. Turner. Very graceful also are the landscapes taken along the Surrey Mole by Alfred Rosling. But perhaps the most picture-like little photographs of brook and river scenery are those by Mr. Morgan of Bristol, which alike in (what if seen in a painting would be called) composition and in execution, leave nothing to desire—though we long for some leaves on the naked trees, and a little more sunshine glancing along the water. Quite perfect in its way is his 'Study of Fir Trees' (No. 74), and we commend it to the careful study of our younger landscape painters.

The photographs which are here with the name of Robert Howlett attached—St. Owen, and the Cathedral at Rouen, a portrait of Phillip the painter, copies of oil paintings, and a frame of magnificent microscopic subjects,—revive our regret at the premature loss of that most accomplished of our younger photographers. It is scarcely conceivable that anything can surpass the extreme delicacy and refinement of detail in these Rouen views, or the artistic feeling with which they have been treated, the easy pose of his portraits, or the clever manipulation of his pictorial copies and scientific illustrations.

The mention of these last reminds us that we must not pass unrecognised the very valuable geological studies of granite, hornblende, serpentine, and limestone rocks by Mr. Gutch; the capital study of ferns by Messrs. Ross and Thomson; or, on the other hand, the copies of

the paintings and engravings of Delaroche, by Mr. Bingham; and the agricultural machinery of Mr. Cade.

The figure pieces in the exhibition do not we confess impress us very favourably. Mr. Rejlander has some, very clever in their bold coarse way, and very valuable as studies. But photographers mistake, as it seems to us, the capabilities of their art, when they attempt to produce photographic compositions in rivalry with works of the pencil. A picture, as distinguished from a view, or a representation of "still life," is valuable only in proportion as it bears the impress of the human intellect. It is not because he has faithfully copied a woman and child in a certain position that we admire a Madonna by Raffaele, but because we see in its depth and purity of feeling a noble realisation of an original and poetic idea. A photograph of the models he used in the position he placed them, and surrounded by all the accessories he introduced, would no doubt form a valuable study for a painter, but it would be a sorry substitute for his picture. What gives his picture all its value is that which he added to his models, and not what he found in them. When therefore a photographer, having placed certain persons in an attitude, and surrounded them with various "properties," takes a photograph of the group, and presents it with all the stiffness of arrangement, vulgarity of feature, and blankness of expression—or worse, a coarse and exaggerated attempt at the particular expression intended to be conveyed—and asks your admiration for it under some poetic or suggestive title, the most unobservant is struck with the incongruity, and the instructed eye turns from it with disgust. Not the worst—perhaps the best—of such subjects here is Mr. Robinson's 'Fading Away,' which has for months past been in every photographic print-seller's window; but look steadily at it for a minute and all reality will "fade away" as the make-up forces itself more and more on the attention. And you have only to go a few steps and you see the same face, and the same form, and the same character doing duty as 'Mariana,' as it has done—the lens having no power to modify or select—for no doubt divers still more dissimilar persons and sentiments. How awkwardly this repetition of face and form comes in is even more palpable in the photographs, undoubtedly clever as in many respects they are, of Messrs. Delfier and Beer, where a certain broad-faced female, evidently belonging to a great city, in some pictures is an innocent northern peasant preparing for market, in another a sentimental inmate of an eastern harem. It will not we trust be supposed that we are insensible to the value of photography in those branches of Art in which the human form is the chief object. Photography is in truth, or may be made, an invaluable assistant to the painter of history or genre; but photographic renderings of historical, poetic, or domestic subjects are, we are convinced, a mistake—only serving to mislead and corrupt the unformed taste.

From figure pieces we naturally proceed to portraiture; and though we have objected to the number, we are bound to express our admiration of the beauty of many here exhibited. By Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, Herbert Watkins, and some others, whose portraits of distinguished persons have at these exhibitions often attracted so much attention, and won so much praise, we have no specimens here. The leader on the present occasion is, as we have already hinted, Mr. Williams; and extremely fine in all respects are his *untouched* vignettes. Those of Messrs. Lock and Whitfield are also very excellent. Some heads by Mr. Clarkington are likewise of a superior order—especially that of Mr. Hunt; but, like Mr. Claudet's, they have plainly been much worked upon. Dr. Diamond has a frame of portraits, entitled 'Recollections of Our Club,' of much more interest than the majority here, inasmuch as it contains the portraits of many notabilities in the various walks of intellectual life. Dr. Diamond has also some of his painfully vivid 'Illustrations of Mental

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Disease.' Noteworthy, as curious illustrations of national character, are likewise the Russian photographs of M. Chloponin: what a singular expression, for example—is it sinister, cunning, or keen?—is that of 'Parogoff, the celebrated Russian Surgeon;' and what a magnificent head is that of the 'Russian Carpenter.' Had the latter been marked Parogoff, what noble traits would have been discovered in it by the disciples of Lavater or Spurzheim!

Among the stereographs there is one series which demands a word of special notice, inasmuch as the pictures are not only new (the only series here that is so), but illustrative of a work somewhat novel in character. The series is called 'Stereographic Views in Brittany, illustrative of the Narrative of a Walking Tour made in the Autumn of 1858, by J. M. Jephson, M.A.' The stereographs, no fewer than ninety in number, are by Messrs. Lovell Reeve and H. Taylor, and include churches, castles, crosses, dwellings, lonely ruins, and Druidic remains, as well as the crowded streets and market-places, and quaintly-dressed peasants, of that pleasant and picturesque country. Mr. Piazzi Smyth, in his 'Teneriffe,' first showed how stereoscopic illustrations might be made to elucidate the traveller's narrative, and Mr. Ellis has more recently successfully followed his example; but this is the first book of travel in which the stereoscope is itself the hero of the narrative, and we wish it success. The stereographs are clear, varied, and interesting. The work is to be published by subscription.

Of the other stereographs, the best are those of Welsh scenery and the interiors of Salisbury and Winchester Cathedrals by Mr. Sedgefield. They are very admirably executed—but they have been long before the public, and their excellence has been fully appreciated. One other set we notice for the sake of entering a protest against their presence here. Stereographs of "fast" young men looking from a hiding-place in the cliffs at girls undressing to bathe in the sea, or "ladies" in full dress leaning over a balcony, the offensive points exaggerated to suit prurient tastes by a well-known stereoscopic trick, are not what ought to be found in a place like this, and these have neither novelty nor superior executive skill to atone for their intense vulgarity of sentiment. The Council would do well to ask themselves whether if it be even now too late to remove what has called forth a general expression of surprise.

In illustration of new processes and new applications of the art, the exhibition is rather disappointing. Of Mr. Pouncey's much-talked-of carbon process, and of which the Society is regarded as to a certain extent the exponent, there is only a single example by the inventor, and only one other by a disciple. Whilst we cannot regard it as having succeeded so perfectly as Mr. Pouncey in his zeal very naturally imagines, we are by no means disposed to join in the attempts made to depreciate it in the public estimation. To us Mr. Pouncey's print appears very promising, and if to chemists it really seems permanent, we cannot think either professors or amateurs will do well to neglect it. The present example is wanting in clearness and sharpness of detail, and also in purity of tone: it has what painters and lithographers call "a mealy look"—something resembling in appearance a drawing made by a stump and brush with powdered black-lead. Of the carbon-printing processes, either English or foreign, there is not a single example; nor is there one of the application of photography to astronomy; nor of Mr. Talbot's photographic engraving; nor of any of the new and loudly-vaunted photo-lithographic processes. Mr. Pretsch has however sent several examples of his photogalvanographic (or, as he now seems disposed to call it, "Nature's engraving") process; and as they are "quite untouched" they give a much more true, and a much more satisfactory, idea of the process than the published prints. For some classes of subjects it seems so clearly suited, that we trust it will not be suffered to fall into abeyance.

We see that we have neglected to mention M. Bission's splendid Swiss photographs, or the ex-

tremely interesting series of 'Views in the Pyrenees' by Mr. Maxwell Lyte, as well as some others of which we had made a note. But we must leave them all unnoticed now.

With all its shortcomings and redundancies, the Photographic Society may well be proud of its sixth exhibition. If it does not show the entire strength of the art, it very fairly illustrates the point to which the art has reached in this country; and it shows with sufficient clearness the wonderful advance which photography has made during the few years of its existence, and the almost unbounded range of its capabilities.

Re-Issue of Scraps and Sketches by George Cruikshank. In Ten Monthly Parts. Part I. Illustrations of Time. (Kent & Co.)

This title-page is in itself so suggestive an illustration of Time past, that like Jaques we might grow melancholy musing on it, were not melancholy an impossible guest where Cruikshank provides the entertainment. It must, we are afraid, be considerably over a quarter of a century since we laughed our first hearty laugh at poor 'Popjoy,' honest Izaak's faithful follower, who sits there so patiently number one in these "Illustrations of Time." George Cruikshank had about reached his best when he published these etchings. He has given us little opportunity of late to judge fairly what tricks Time, with whom he played so many tricks, has played with him. Ever since he has in Carlylean phrase grown so "terribly in earnest," he has seemed afraid to indulge in more than a very temperate—almost teetotal—smile. Not that he has been able quite to quench the spirit, however much he may have diluted it. Into even the most serious productions of his later years some involuntary grotesqueness has never failed to find its way, as in the most grotesque of his earlier works some dash of serious purpose, some sweet face or beautiful expression, was ever visible. But making our most respectful bow to the preacher, we hail with a cordial greeting the return of the George Cruikshank of our early days. We wish however for his own sake, and for the sake of the younger folks—who will, in the obsolete costume in which he reappears, hardly we fear appreciate the rich fund of odd quaint humour there is in the man,—that he had, without putting off the old, adopted something of the present fashion. And how curiously behind time these "Illustrations of Time" are! Take that very subject "Behind Time!" as an example. Here we have it told by a fat uxorious husband, overloaded with great coats and extra clothes, but further burdened with his own and his wife's portmanteau, carpet-bag, parcels, and umbrella, standing agast at the inn-door, whither he has been sent forward to "stop the coach" by his fat and now irate spouse, who is coming panting after him carrying her best bonnet in a band-box, and dragging by the hand a fat and squalling child, whilst Tapstave, mine host, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, exclaims with the most matter-of-fact coolness, "Coach, sir! the coach has been gone three-quarters of an hour, sir!" Yet, though there are no coaches now, and though after all these years of railway teaching three-quarters of an hour behind time would be too much for even a pantomime joke—buy the book, good reader, and see whether you can resist laughing at the picture. Perhaps with all the law changes that have been going on during the last score years, another prime favourite of ours, here reproduced, may also be behind time—but even though it be, it will serve as a record, invaluable to archaeologists of the good old days when George the Fourth was king (and, by the way, that is another excellent reason for buying the Illustrations). We refer, of course, to that matchless report of the judgment in the famous case of "Noodle versus Doodle;" "Gentlemen, It was a very fine oyster—the Court awards you a shell each." Look at the pair—plaintiff and defendant—and say whether the best report was ever accompanied with a more eloquent description by the most skilful of Our Own Correspondents. We might go through the

whole series after this fashion, but we should be sorry to take off the edge from the reader's enjoyment by reciting the bill of fare. He cannot do better than secure a hearty and therefore a seasonable laugh by the purchase of this first part—he will be pretty sure to buy the rest; especially if he recollects that among them are to come the wondrous "Phrenological Illustrations" and others of the very best of the productions of Cruikshank's keen-pointed needle.

Had there been a prize offered for the best design for the Burns Festival, we think it would have been very likely carried off by the handsome print before us—'The Centenary of the Birth of Robert Burns' (Gambart & Co., London, and Maclure & Macdonald, Glasgow). It is a large lithograph by Mr. A. Maclure, having in the centre a portrait of the bard in his prime, from a painting by D. Macnee, R.S.A.; and round it a series of very gracefully drawn designs, representing his birth-place, residence, various events in his life, and scenes from his ballads. The whole makes a very pretty print; is executed in a very creditable manner; and will form a pleasing memorial of an event which is stirring the heart of every countryman of the Ayrshire Peasant in every part of the world.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Madame Celeste, so long identified with the fortunes of the Adelphi, has transferred her allegiance to the new management of the Lyceum, and with it a bad translation of an excessively absurd French drama, written (the bills proudly state) expressly for her by a compatriot, M. Emile de la Roche. *Marion de Lorme*, or, *the Crucible of Steam*! is the title of this production, which is founded on the legend of Solomon de Caus, the French claimant to the discovery of the powers of steam, and his imprisonment as a madman in Bicêtre. A *Doctor Estignac*, a creature of Cardinal Richelieu, who has fallen in love with the wife of *De Caus*, and naturally wishes to get her husband out of the way, is represented as the cause of the inventor's incarceration as a lunatic, the *Doctor* procuring, by the interest of his patron, the post of Governor of Bicêtre. The intriguing physician has, however, an implacable enemy in *Marion de Lorme*, who ascribes the death of *Cinq Mars* to his instrumentality, and counterplots against him with such good effect, that she releases his victim from the dungeons of Bicêtre and transfers the newly-appointed governor to those of the Bastille. This she contrives by disclosing to Richelieu the treachery of *Estignac*, in secretly serving his rival, *Mazarin*. The fatal facility with which, by laying a plot in the palmy days of *lettres de cachet*, and ministerial orders conferring and cancelling appointments, dramatic situations can be created, was never more signally exhibited than in the work of M. Emile de La Roche. *Marion de Lorme* and her rival have pockets full of orders and counter-orders launched against each other; and a king's officer, with a file of men ever on the point of arresting one or the other, are kept in a constant state of vacillation by the perusal of these contradictory documents. The part of *Marion de Lorme* is of course that which Madame Celeste herself assumes. Though not so well suited to her as those characters of a more vigorous melodramatic character in which her reputation has been achieved, what with smart dresses, constant vivacity, and a consummate knowledge of stage business, a tolerable amount of effect is produced out of very poor materials. The unfortunate *Solomon de Caus* is intrusted to Mr. Emery, who plays it with a certain amount of rough energy, but with a degree of slovenliness which would not be tolerated by any but the lax audiences of England. Mr. H. Vandenhoff makes of *Estignac* far too youthful and airy a personage for so stern a plotter as he is represented and the first appropriator of *Marion's* virgin affections. This is all the criticism that need be expended on a piece which cannot, even in these indulgent days, take permanent root upon our stage.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The part of *Hamlet* is Mr. Charles Kean's *cheval de bataille*. With it he gained, and with it he has maintained, his position as a tragedian of the first rank. Its revival is therefore always one of the chief events of his season, and his admirers are wont to gather in more than usual strength on the occasion, to witness with what vigour their favourite actor maintains himself in this highest altitude to which his powers can reach, and what new touches the maturity of his talents continues to add to the elaborate picture with which they have been familiar for so many years. The audience assembled at the Princess's last Monday night, showed that the attraction of Mr. Kean's most ambitious impersonation had not diminished, but much the reverse.

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—The *Domino Noir*, given for the first time on Wednesday night, has not added to the fame of the new undertaking at St. James's Theatre. Except M^{me}. Fauré, whose *Angèle* is on a par with her foregoing essays in *Carlo Broschi* and *Catarina*, none of the principal characters were even tolerably represented; for it must never be overlooked that in a lyric drama, the importance of the singer's art, when balanced with that of the "histrion," is at the very least in a proportion of three to two. Now M. Berger, the new tenor, who attempted the part of *Horace* (the masterpiece of M. Coudere), is a sensible and sufficiently animated "provincial" actor; but he has no voice, no execution, and no style. Thus, even the notorious M. Fougères was missed. The "comique," M. Mortreuil, gave a version of *Lord Elford* (so irresistible in the hands of M. Chateaufort—one of Mr. Mitchell's importations) which answered fully to the familiar double-epithet of "deadly lively." Instead of *Mortreuil*, M. Robert Macaire would have christened this gentleman *Cercueil*. Equally sombre was the "fun" of M. Montclair, as *Gil Perez*; while the lady who impersonated *Jacinthe* (a very fat *débütante*, of middle age) knew so little of her music that she did nothing but disconcert M. Rémusat, the orchestra, and the other performers. M^{lle}. Céline Mathieu, the companion of *Angèle*, was perhaps almost as good a *compréhensia* as in such a *troupe* could be fairly expected; and M. Emon, second tenor and friend of *Horace*, exhibited respectability as a singer, together with more than respectability as an actor. The chorus was infamous, the delicious music of the nuns (Act III.) going almost "to pieces" in consequence. Indeed, through the inefficiency of this very essential department, the remarkable imperfection of the lady who played *Jacinthe*, the no-voice of the chief tenor (who is perpetually on the stage), and other causes, the whole of the concerted music—which equals in beauty of ideas and animated treatment any that Auber has written—was little short of massacred. Thus the responsibility devolved almost exclusively on M^{me}. Fauré, who, the painful circumstances under which she laboured taken into consideration, deserved infinite praise for accomplishing her task with so much spirit, and altogether silenced criticism. We sincerely hope, however, that we may never again be condemned to listen to the *Domino Noir*,—Auber's best comic opera, as superior to *Les Diables de la Couronne* as the latter is to *La Part du Diable*—rendered in so slovenly a manner. The solo singing (with a few exceptions) was bad enough—but the *ensemble* was simply discreditably. The band, which played so well in *La Part du Diable*, and lost half its laurels in the *Diables*, left the orchestra, after the *Domino Noir*, with scarcely the shadow of a reputation—the only laudable performance of the night having been the overture. This will not do, M. Rémusat.

The Monday Popular Concerts are going on much in the same manner—which is as good as saying by no means in a manner to confer any credit whatever upon art and its professors. At the third, on Monday night, although it had been widely advertised that Mr. Sims Reeves would not sing, the hall (St. James's) was crowded, and the audience gladly accepted an additional *fantasia*

from Miss Arabella Goddard, who, besides a brilliant duet with Mr. Benedict (for two pianofortes), played the *Patineurs* (*Prophète*) of Liszt; Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer," in answer to the encore; and the same composer's "Home, Sweet Home," as the additional piece. Miss Goddard was the queen of the evening, and fêted accordingly. Madame Lancia, the new singer, had been set down for "Non temer" (Mozart); but, on reflection, no doubt thought better of it, and substituted the *cavatina* from *La Traviata*, her style of executing which caused us inwardly to felicitate Mozart on his escape. Almost the only genuine piece of vocal music in the concert was Haydn's canon, "My mother bids me bind my hair," sung by Miss Poole in that simple and unaffected manner which lends such a charm to her performances, and encored so heartily by the audience as to prove (if proof had not already been given over and over again) that the "masses" are by no means insensible to compositions of a thoughtful and expressive character. The rest of the performances, vocal and instrumental, had really no claim to serious notice. If the character of the Monday Popular Concerts is not speedily raised—by the introduction of a little more sensible music—they must speedily fall to the ground; and, in that case, no one will regret their dissolution. Surely Mr. Benedict, the conductor, should exercise some influence on the selections, which can hardly suit his refined and intellectual taste.

Mr. Howard Glover is giving a series of "Chamber-concerts," at Willis's Rooms. The chief interest in these entertainments is attached to Mr. Glover's own compositions, of which the musical public hears too little; and to the performances of some of his pupils, vocal and instrumental, which show that his method of instruction is founded upon the best and healthiest principles. Among the rest Miss Emma Green, a young pianist of good promise, has won considerable distinction in the music of Beethoven and Mozart; while Miss Horder, an equally young singer, gives hopes of a bright career, which could hardly be watched over by a better or more conscientious adviser.

After all, it appears (as was long since anticipated in the LITERARY GAZETTE) that Her Majesty's Theatre will open, shortly after Easter, under the same manager who has presided over its fortunes now very little short of twenty years, Mr. Lumley having (it is currently reported) overcome every obstacle.

Last night Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was to be given by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Something not absolutely hackneyed is quite refreshing at Exeter Hall, where Mr. Surman's institution having, after a long and lingering sickness, given up the ghost, the Sacred Harmonic Society have it all their own way.

Miss Arabella Goddard's *Matinée Musicale* takes place to-day in St. James's Hall. The programme is exclusively devoted to the music of the great masters, in the execution of which the young and popular pianist so greatly excels.

M. Meyerbeer's new opera, *Dinorah*, will, it is affirmed, be positively produced at the Opera Comique in the course of next month. *Qui vivra verra*. Something is sadly wanting to relieve the Parisian public from the *ennui* it has recently experienced at its favourite theatre.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

More "melodies" by the author of "Captain Rock." This time we have a volume of lyrics, for the most part sacred; and a very attractive volume it is, both as regards variety of contents and elegance of exterior—far worthier, indeed, of such an eminent firm as Longman & Co. than the trumpery "shilling's worth" on which we had to comment last week. We give the title-page *in extenso*—"Moore's Sacred Songs, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.—to which are added Six Songs from Scripture, arranged by John Goss, organist of St. Paul's, the words by Thomas Moore."

On turning to the index the purchaser will

doubtless be somewhat perplexed on finding Handel, Haydn, Martini, Rousseau, Dr. Boyce, Beethoven, Avison, Hasse, Novello and others, besides Sir John Stevenson himself—who (a fact not greatly to be regretted) has only supplied seven songs out of a list of more than fifty—set down as contributors. How are we to understand, then, the "symphonies and accompaniments" of the worthy Hibernian "Mus. Doc."—which are paraded so conspicuously on the title page. The mystery is soon cleared up on arriving at page 24, where we light upon a song called, "Who is the Maid?" the music of which is attributed to Beethoven. A mere glance at the introductory prelude to this composition will convince any one conversant with the style of Beethoven, that Beethoven never could have written it. Nor did he write it, any more than he wrote the concluding symphony. All that the song contains of Beethoven is a version, in the Stevensonian (bungling) manner, of the first subject in the pianoforte sonata, Op. 26. This beautiful theme has been "arranged" (the French term *arrangé*, in its ironical sense, would be more applicable) so as to fit the words. Wherever Beethoven is not amenable, "Sir John" gently applies the "question;" and we have the gratification of witnessing the Colossus of the orchestra stretched on the Procrustean bed of a Mus. Doc.'s narrow intelligence. Beethoven after Stevenson! The most reprehensible feature of the proceeding, however, is the effrontery with which the great composer's name is made to give an apparent sanction to this abominable treatment of his music. *Ecce uno disce omnia*. Without examining the remaining numbers in detail, we may fairly conclude that the key to the title page has been discovered, and that the other great composers named in the index have been similarly handled.

Under these circumstances the main interest of the "Sacred Songs" will depend upon the poetry, which, if not all in Moore's best manner, contains beauties enough to satisfy the warmest admirers of his genius, and to make musicians regret that it should ever have been committed to the charge of such a poor quack as Sir John Stevenson. It has been stated above that the lyrics composed in this new volume are "for the most part" sacred. From the title page we should be led to believe that they were *all* so, without exception; but surely there is nothing essentially sacred in such effusions as St. Jerome's Love ("Who is it, maid?"), to which Beethoven's melody has been fastened. We are by no means inclined to discredit either the pure-mindedness of St. Jerome or the chastity of the matron Paula, but by no stretch of the imagination can we be brought to conceive anything non-secular in such a theme.

The "symphonies and accompaniments" composed by Mr. Goss for the "Six Songs from Scripture" at the end of the volume, are in all respects superior to the achievements of Sir John Stevenson in the same line. The words, variously suggested by passages from the Old and New Testaments, are worthy of the poet, and considerably enhance the value of the publication.

The principal songs and ballads from Mr. Balfe's *Satanella* (Boosey & Sons) being now published separately, we are enabled to confirm the good opinion expressed of many of them in our report of the opera. "Oh could I but his heart enslave" (the "Power of Love"), is, we think, destined to attain as great and lasting popularity as any of its composer's happiest effusions. The melody is so spontaneous that it might pass for a national air—(why, by the way, are the so-called "national melodies" almost invariably the best?)—and so graceful that it will please the cultivated taste just as it is likely to attract the ear popular. "In silence, sad heart, go" (sung, like the foregoing, by Miss Louisa Pyne), though by no means equal to the "Power of Love," is nevertheless an elegant song, and would be still more welcome if the first twelve bars of the introductory prelude (which resemble a tyro's exercise in modulation) were omitted. This would leave the clarinet *obligato* (which Mr. Lazarus plays so well) untouched, and be a decided improvement in the bargain. As favourable examples of Mr.

Balfe's manner, "Our he amorous would sh former for frankness course, v that rem elegant, commen form is; Fate on; admirers however sions, w glorious at once continue way to t least eng istic son which ca ear, and

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Balfie's lightest but by no means least pleasant manner, the ballad of *Lelia* (Miss Rebecca Isaacs), "Our hearts are not our own to give," and the amorous plaint of *Carl* (Mr. St. Albyn), "Oh would she but name the day!" may be cited; the former for its piquancy, the latter for its genial frankness. Of *Rupert's* songs — all written, of course, with a view to hit off the peculiarities of that remarkable vocalist Mr. Harrison — the most elegant, and perhaps in other respects to be commended, is the romance entitled "An angel form;" although the love-ballad, "No prize can Fate on man bestow," has also found many warm admirers. More enlivening than any of the three, however — apart from its abstract musical pretensions, which are proportionately slight — is "The glorious vintage of Champagne," a bacchanalian, at once simple and effective, and if *Satanella* continues to "run" as just now, likely to find its way to the barrel organs. Last, and by no means least engaging of the whole, is the very characteristic song of *Braccacio*, the pirate (Mr. H. Corri), which can boast of a melody easily retained by the ear, and not so easily abandoned.

OBSERVATIONS ON DETERMINING THE ALTITUDE OF MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

It is a likely supposition, and one which has been amply confirmed by Humboldt, that the trigonometrical measurement of mountains can seldom be made from the level of the sea. The curvature arising from distance may prevent this, or if this were not the case, dimness of vision arising from the same circumstance, or high ground may render it impracticable, so that the difficulty is seldom removed.

When mountain peaks are surrounded by vapour, barometrical measurement can of course be resorted to; nevertheless, as it has been found (as one example by Gerard on the Himalaya) that barometers break at very great altitudes, I would propose the following instruments in their stead. Let a fine spring be fixed to an angular upright so as to hang freely and vertically, to which a weight should be attached. A pointer should indicate the expansion or contraction of the spring, which might, if necessary, communicate with a system of levers, and then with another pointer, in order to increase the space passed through. According to this plan the spring must be spiral, and the instrument would consequently resemble that used to ascertain the difference of gravity at various parts of the earth's surface; but it may be a simple piece of steel, acting when bent from the plane of its natural condition, or endeavouring to uncoil itself. Such instruments depend, of course, upon the diminishing force of gravity as the distance from the centre of gravity (the centre) of the globe is augmented, which fact is well known, although these suggestions may be original.

When a considerable elevation has been reached, the scientific traveller is often desirous of ascertaining whether certain distant peaks whose heights have not been measured, are superior to the altitude attained; and as this has, to the best of my knowledge, never been effected, I would suggest the following method of determination. Let a common level be provided, to which a telescope must be adjusted, whose axis of motion must exactly correspond to the centre of as large a quadrant as it is possible to adjust to the apparatus so as to be at all portable. The size, as will be seen, is most important. When the highest point is attained, plant the level vertically, and survey through the telescope the peak whose altitude it is required to find.

Supposing that we could survey from the level of the sea one quarter of the earth's surface, it is obvious that our eyes or telescope must describe an angle of 45°; and as the altitude of the highest mountains, in fact, of any elevation, would diminish this, as any one will upon consideration perceive, let us suppose that at an elevation of 20,000 feet (although not attained by travellers as yet as far as is known) the range of observation would be confined to 44° 30', which would I think be about right, could such observations be made.

Now, in round numbers, this would include about 6,100 miles, a diminution of that stated before; the cause of which I must however explain, and also the way in which the supposed radius is to be understood. When elevated above the level of the sea we miss so much land as interrupts our actual horizon, consequently, as here supposed, the actual range of view, calculating from the spot where interruption begins, would be less upon a mountain than at the level of the sea, presuming that in neither case could we see over the opposite extremity of the quadrant. That this would not be the case in the latter circumstance has been presumed, and rationally; and I have thought it needful to state that we must conceive of the same impossibility when speaking of the former case, inasmuch as elevation is generally supposed to augment limit, and this rightly, although in this hypothetical case the outward limit must be supposed to remain the same.

Now, when any elevation, as 20,000 feet, has been attained, proceed to divide the supposed angular range, here given as 2670', into the number of miles corresponding to it, here stated as 6100. This gives about 24 miles as the numerical value of 1'; when, if we ascertain the horizontal distance of the base of the peak under consideration (which, although it cannot be effected directly, we may get near enough by simple means), and depress the telescope as many minutes as there are 24 miles in the distance, and in this proportion we may know that the peak examined is lower than our own position, if with this depression it fails to appear; also how much; or if higher, to what extent. It is hardly necessary to explain these latter operations, yet it may make what I have said more complete to do so. One degree above or below the required depression for equality in altitude would correspond to about 180 feet, taking the 24 miles as the distance of the peak, the value of which however would of course vary with the distance.

I need not say that the data here given are but rough approximations to the truth, and I have given them more as explanatory of what I mean than for use in the practical application of this principle.

J. A. D.

THE BARBERINI INSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR, — The Barberini Inscription at Rome has long engaged the attention of Antiquarians, more especially those of our own country, as it records the first and exact date of the Roman Conquest of Britain under Claudius. The subject has been lately again ventilated from a *fac simile* copy, possibly the only true one, published by Mr. Fairholt in a recent number of my friend Mr. C. Roach Smith's "Collectanea Antiqua." Upon it I was induced to offer some remarks, in an essay published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1858, to which I beg to refer for every particular by which that conquest is fixed for the year 45 of our present Christian computation.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of this present month, I find a paper on much the same subject by Mr. Francis Hobler, dating from Canonbury Square. It principally discusses the date of a coin by the *VI. Trib. Pot.* (the sixth tribunitian power). I can go into its details at present no further than to say that Mr. Fairholt's drawing is not given therein faithfully, "as a closely packed square inscription," a *fac simile* of which I forwarded to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but which, owing to my absence on the Continent, was omitted. At the end, Mr. Hobler, makes the following remarks on my paper, which would seem almost a foregone conclusion on his own ideas, rather than what could have been suggested by mine.

He says:—"Since writing the above, I have read a paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1858, by Dr. Bell, on the Barberini Inscription. I see no reason whatever in all Dr. Bell states to make any alteration in what I have written. *There is no record whatever of Claudius having extended the walls of Rome to entitle him to an arch, as insinuated in the first paragraph.*

There is no historic record whatever of Claudius having had two triumphs."

I must, Sir, confess that I did not expect such a lamentable want of industry or research from any one who had professedly studied the subject, or such a want of courtesy which the two contradictions I have indicated imply. My answer to both will be short, but I trust perfectly convincing.

As to the first, "that there is no record whatever of Claudius having extended the walls of Rome," I must refer simply to Gruter's "Inscriptions," Vol. I., p. 196, where is an altar dedicated to Claudius, from which, for the sake of brevity, I only quote the three following important lines:

"AVCTIS POPVLI ROMANI
FINIBVS, POMERIVM
AMPLIAVIT TERMINAVITQ."

The "*avctis Romani populi finibus*" seems here put expressly to entitle the Emperor *pomerium ampliare*, or, to use my own words, "When we refer to a passage in Plutarch's Life of Romulus, in which he says no person had the right to extend the *pomerium* unless he had taken some part of the enemy's country in war:" this, under Claudius, could only refer to Britain.

I should not in any other case have thought it necessary to point out to my antagonist the identity of the *Pomerium* of Rome with its circumvallation, but now refer him to Sigonius de Civitate Urbis Romae, in Grævius' Thesaurus Antiq. Rom. p. 13:—

"Ego vero (Sigonius) urbem Romanam *pomerio* et *menibus* circumscripsi quia quamquam *pomerium* urbis terminus quidem fuerit tamen urbem ultra *pomerium* processisse. Etenim quod est apud Tacitum libro tertio decimo et Gellium duodecimo *pomerii* profendi nemini datum nisi qui agro de hostibus capto rem Romanam auxisset. Quod decus pauci sibi admodum vindicaverunt."

Then follow various instances under Romulus, Tatius, &c., to Augustus; and "Illud autem dubitationem non habet, *Aventinum* quam *Ancus rex Latinis* habitandum concesserat non nisi, post multa secula a Claudio Imper. *pomerio* inclusum, cum ante ab omnibus semper fuisset exclusus."

So much for the first contradiction. My answer to the second, "that there is no historic record of Claudius having two triumphs," will be briefly put down by two quotations from the classical historians. Claudius's first triumph, as I pointed, is mentioned by Suetonius (Claud. c. 17), recording the emperor's return from Britain "ac sine ullo proelio aut sanguine intra paucissimos dies parte insule in *ditionem* recepta sexto quam profectus erat mense, Romam rediit, triumphavitque maximo apparatu."

Claudius's second triumph, when, after a nine years' glorious stand against the force and legions of Rome, Caracagus (made a prisoner by treachery) was carried captive to Rome, is recorded by Tacitus (Hist. iii. c. 45): "Capto per dolium Rege Caracago, *instruxisse triumphum* Claudii *Cesaris* accedebatur."

It is surely to be regretted that gentlemen who take up a subject possibly only as *dilettanti*, or in the intervals of an arduous and difficult profession, should so flatly, and certainly superciliously, contradict those who have carried on their investigations during a long life.

Your very obedient Servant,

WILLIAM BELL, Ph.D.

31, Burton Street, Burton Crescent.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM. — During the week ending January 8th, 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3451; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 2730; on the three students' days, 2092; one students' evening (Wednesday), 305.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE. — Thursday next is announced for the opening of this college. It is generally anticipated that Her Majesty, who laid the foundation stone in 1856, will honour the ceremonial with her presence. But little of these extensive works now remains to be finished. The building is capable of accommodating 240 students.

SHORT NOTICES.

Cambridge Examination Papers. (Deighton & Bell.) These are the papers which were set in the recent Examination held at Cambridge last month, for persons who are not members of the University. Every one who is desirous of ascertaining for himself the true principle and method of this new movement, should procure this pamphlet and the corresponding one containing the Oxford papers of last June. It is not too much to say that Cambridge has fully equalled Oxford in the wisdom with which her staff of examiners have prepared the tests for her youthful clients. There is no puzzling, no attempt at display, nothing but fair and honest scope offered to real labour, as weighed against "cram." The pity is, that so dismal an invention as the word "non-gremial" should have been perpetrated by way of prefixing a title to the new examinations. Surely those of the "gremials" who support the movement can succeed, if they will, in turning out this barbarism. Meantime, it reflects great credit upon Cambridge that the list of Examiners should have included the names of five Senior Classics, many Wranglers, two Professors, one Inspector of Schools, one Civil Service Commissioner, a Royal Academician, and two Fellows of the Royal and Geological Societies.

Sabbath Morning and Evening Readings on the Old and New Testament. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. (Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.) These two volumes are likely to be popular among the numerous followers of Dr. Cumming, for they possess all his easy flow of language, while they earnestly inculcate moral and religious duty. One volume, that of the Morning Readings, is founded upon the first and second Books of Samuel; the other upon the Epistles to the Galatians, the Ephesians, and the Philippians.

False Appearances. By Mrs. Mackay. (Hall, Virtue, & Co.) A tale written with considerable effect against the weakness and vanity implied by the title. It is mainly intended for the young, but there are many persons who have lived long in the world who may, if they choose, learn some useful lessons from it.

Ballads and Songs. By Edward Capern, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon. (Kent & Co.) Although a postman, Mr. Capern is something of a poet. He has the poetic faculty, but from his condition and circumstances he has to contend against the imperfections of restricted information and a limited, we ought perhaps to say, a local range of subjects. But he draws his inspiration from nature, and he has a kind of natural eloquence in most of his verses which makes them very agreeable to read.

Stories to Teach me to Think. By T. D. P. Stone. *Don't Tell; or, Mistaken Kindness.* By Mary Bennett. (Henry Lea.) Two neat little books for the use of children. They are simple and interesting; we have found nothing objectionable in either, but much to commend.

Francesca Da Rimini, her Lament, and Vindication, &c. By Henry Clark Barlow, M.D. (Nutt.) This is one of Dr. Barlow's many valuable contributions to the critical study of the "Divina Commedia," and he will be rewarded by the gratitude of all true "Dantofili." The subject of his able essay is the purity of Francesca and Paolo, in its bearing on Inf. 5, 102, and the substitution of "mondo" in that line for the "modo" of the *volgata*. An indefatigable collation in the Vatican, as well as in the Corsini, Barberini, Chiegiara and other libraries, has resulted in the establishment of ample MS. authority for this emendation, which first came into notice in the preparation of the *Edizione Ravennana* by the well-known student of Dante, Mauro Ferranti. The question of the reading, however, though treated in a most satisfactory manner by Dr. Barlow, sinks into nothing beside his enthusiastic and touching vindication of Francesca's purity. Her love for Paolo is shown to have been, as Dante has drawn it, a noble and spiritual affection in the true sense of the words "at cor gentili." The way in which chroniclers and logographers have sensualised the picture of the "Commedia"

is clearly pointed out, and the choice of the Inferno as the lovers' resting-place is handled ably, temperately, and thoroughly well. To this excellent essay is appended an historical paper on the family of the Malatesti.

We have also received a copy of Mr. Fitzball's romantic poem "Bhananar," published by Newby. It is an oriental story of an admisory turn, capable of strong dramatic expression. "The Story of Fadleen" is added, but this is in prose. The two, make up a neat volume, too late for Christmas, but in time for the winter evenings yet to come. Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas of Edinburgh sends us *The Giants, the Knights, and the Princess Verbena*, a fairy story that has done duty in many a pantomime, and is here reproduced in a lively style, and illustrated by a series of respectable lithographs. We have also received Mr. Pardon's *Tales of the Operas* (James Blackwood). It is dedicated to Miss Louisa Pyne, and on the whole it is adequately done. It embraces the stories of twenty-one of the principal operas of Mozart, Rossini, Auber, Donizetti, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Balfe, and Flotow. *The Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) will be found a safe and agreeable book for children.

Among the serial publications that have reached us in the present week, the first which claims attention is *The Eclectic*, which under its new management appears likely to be ably and vigorously conducted. It opens with an admirable review of Masson's "Life of Milton," and there are in addition a number of articles interesting to thoughtful readers. But probably the contribution of most immediate interest is the article on "The Coming Session," evidently from the pen of a well-informed writer. It places before us the exact situation of things as they will probably appear on the 3rd of February next, when Parliament meets; but the present commotion about Italy, Austria, and France is unnoticed necessarily, as the words from which it has all sprung were only uttered by the Emperor of the French on New Year's Day. The writer's views on the present agitation would have been refreshing, for the public, notwithstanding the excitement of the last fortnight, are a little *blasé* with the comments and explanations hitherto given by "the best possible instructors." A main feature in "The Coming Session" is the personal sketches of some of the Ministers. In that of Lord Stanley we have something of a new view of that rising statesman—a view not over complimentary, but perhaps not essentially erroneous or unjust:

"Whoever else may be menaced, among the occupants of the Treasury Bench, with a rallying or a rating, by the critics of the opposition, it is pretty certain that Lord Stanley will not excite violent criticism against himself or his department. Amid political troubles, our new minister for India will be a tolerably safe man,—he is a man without passions, strong faith, or impulse, a man who entered himself at starting in public life for one great stake—the premiership; and who not only never has said or done anything which he believed had a tendency to retard his progress towards that goal, but who probably never felt the slightest temptation to commit such an imprudence. Ignorant people are accustomed to talk of Lord Stanley as a singularly clever young man. There cannot be a greater mistake. He is mentally a very old man, and an exceedingly prudent one. As for youth, he never was young. His father—who seems to have given him all he had in the way of experience, sobriety, and judgment, and to have kept all the buoyancy, fun, and waywardness of youth for himself—never tires of trying to decoy his absorbed and ambitious heir into amusement and geniality. But as well might he try to bring the light laugh of the cymbal out of a piece of India rubber. No harsh or rigid resistance is made to the attempt. No amount of pressure leaves permanent wrinkle or frown. No strain seems too much for that marvellously adaptive nature. But when the pressure is removed and the tension relaxed, all resumes its calm and serious aspect. There is something ineffably sad about the look of premature ambition, when it exerts an engrossing influence over the energies and susceptibilities of youth, and tends to dry up the wayside springs of sympathy and enjoyment. All who sincerely wish to see Lord Stanley well would gladly see about him more evidence of social geniality, and a wider appreciation of the little things of life. And yet more would they like to see in him the kindling earnestness and the generous courage which are born of clear faith in some truth which is grander than himself or his highest ambition. This amenity of manner, and unselfish enthusiasm, Lord Stanley must attain ere he become the statesman he hopes to be; he must leave his books and political lore to be himself a man, ere he can become an *ami du peuple*, a king of men. A statesman

cannot live by books alone. Were there six-and-thirty hours in the day they would not suffice to enable the most diligent and retentive student to acquire therefrom the knowledge whereby men are to be governed. That which no ancient or modern history, statistics, or the reports of committees, mountains of evidence in print, or files of analysis in manuscript can teach, is the one thing needful to him who aspires to sway mankind. Hitherto Lord Stanley's discretion and persistent policy have not been warped or disturbed by either party bias or personal attachment. Nobody thinks of asking a man to job for him, who is not even suspected of caring a rush for the opinion of clubs or coteries, and who is understood to feel that he has individually nothing to gain by the propagation even of the whole party he acts with, compared with the reputation he seeks to earn with the nation at large. His ties with that party are obviously fragile, and may be severed finally any day."

The Sanitary Review and Journal of Public Health, an admirable quarterly publication, has been received, and we commend it most cordially to all interested in the important questions connected with the maintenance of the public health. It includes the Transactions of the Epidemiological Society of London. The present number concludes the fourth volume. We have also received the 24th Part of the *Congregational Pulpit* (for January), which contains a number of sermons by Nonconformist divines; and the January number of the *Pulpit Observer*, the principal article in which is a sketch of the Bishop of Oxford, by the hand of a limner who has yet to learn the art of describing character, so as to bring it fully out. We have also received *The Youth's Magazine*, published by the Sunday School Union; and the prospectus of Messrs. Silver & Co.'s *Emigration Guide*. *The Scottish Temperance League Register for 1859* has also been sent to us from Glasgow, and we can only say that it gratifies us to see the proofs which it affords of the extent and the energy of the organisation at work against the degrading vice of drunkenness. The same body have forwarded *The Scottish Review*, a quarterly journal of social progress and general literature, which may be read with profit even by those who do not subscribe to the League. Another excellent serial that we have received is the *Church of England Monthly Review*, the fifth volume of which is now completed. We have read some of its articles, and admire their freedom from dogmatism, and the genial spirit in which the accomplished editor and his able coadjutors maintain their views in cases where differences too often induce loss of temper. The last serial we have to acknowledge is the 12th Part of Messrs. Chambers' *Chronicle of the Revolt in India*, a work of a standard character. It is now concluded, and it will form a compact and massive volume, brought down to the period of the issue of the Royal Proclamation on the 1st of November, 1858.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Alm (F.), French Method by Buchner, 12mo. 3s.
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MISCELLANEA.

The French government is about to send presents to the Emperor of Japan; part of them will consist of 100 muskets of a beautiful model for his Majesty's body guard, two pieces of cannon, and some Gobelins tapestry.

On Tuesday M. Guizot sent to his publisher the last sheets of the second volume of his memoirs, and they will appear before the end of the month.

The monument to Sir William Petty, which has been executed by Mr. Westmacott, at the desire of the Marquis of Lansdowne, is now being placed within the Abbey Church at Romsey.

The Bombay papers state that Mr. Edward Macready, son of the eminent tragedian, purposes giving a short series of poetical and dramatic readings at Bombay, where he resides, and also of including in his list of entertainments the five Christmas stories by Mr. Charles Dickens.

"Ex-Commissioner" Yeh is still in Calcutta. He refuses to receive any visitors, and endeavours to believe, and impress others with the belief, that he is of a race more intellectual and far superior in every way to those around him.

The *Natal Journal*, which has been published for two years, and was latterly edited by Dr. Mann, F.R.S., has ceased to exist as a periodical. The *Cape Monthly Magazine* is now the only literary periodical in existence in South Africa.

The practice of taking down sermons in shorthand notes in Frankfort has offended the consistories both of the Calvinistic and the Lutheran bodies, and they have thought it necessary to prohibit it for the future. "The church," says the ordinance, "is not a lecture-room, but a house of prayer."

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came upon the Golgotha of the battle-field. There was nothing for it but to go ahead. To make a *détour* in the drainage either to the right or left would certainly have been "to go further," and probably "to fare worse." I quote from the statement (confirmed by numerous witnesses) of the intelligent foreman of the work:—"We cut twelve yards long and about eight feet wide, through the grave, and found most bodies about four feet from the surface, but I consider that we got to the bottom of it, as we took two "draws" (diggings) through it after, and the ground below seemed untouched. At one place, bodies, about twenty or twenty-five of them, were laid one over the other in all directions and postures—the form of many were left in the clay. At this place there was much of a sort of deposit that looked like soot, not slime, but damp; the smell at first was intolerable, and could be felt at some distance; it was so bad the men could only work short spells." The skulls had preserved their shape, but crumbled away when exposed to the air. One poor fellow's passport to eternity was picked up by the foreman. He says: "There was a bullet in one skull, which dropped out when the skull fell to pieces; the bones, especially the large ones, did not crumble away, but were very brittle when touched with the spade. The teeth were quite perfect and many of them taken away by the drainers."

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ASSURANCE SOCIETY will be held at the Society's Office, Fleet
Street, London, on WEDNESDAY, the Second Day of FEBRUARY
next, at Twelve o'clock at noon precisely, pursuant to the provisions
of the Society's Deed of Settlement, for the purpose of receiving the
Auditors' Annual Report of the Accounts of the Society up to the
31st December, 1855, to elect two Directors in the room of Richard
Harrison, Esq., and James Vallance, Esq., both deceased and one
Auditor in the room of William Frederick Higgins, Esq., resigned,
and for other purposes. The Director to be chosen in the room of
Richard Harrison, Esq., deceased, will remain in office until the 24th
of June, 1856, and the Director to be chosen in the room of James
Vallance, Esq., deceased, will remain in office until the 24th of June,
1856, and the Auditor to be chosen in the room of William Frederick
Higgins, Esq., will remain in office until the 24th of June, 1856.

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